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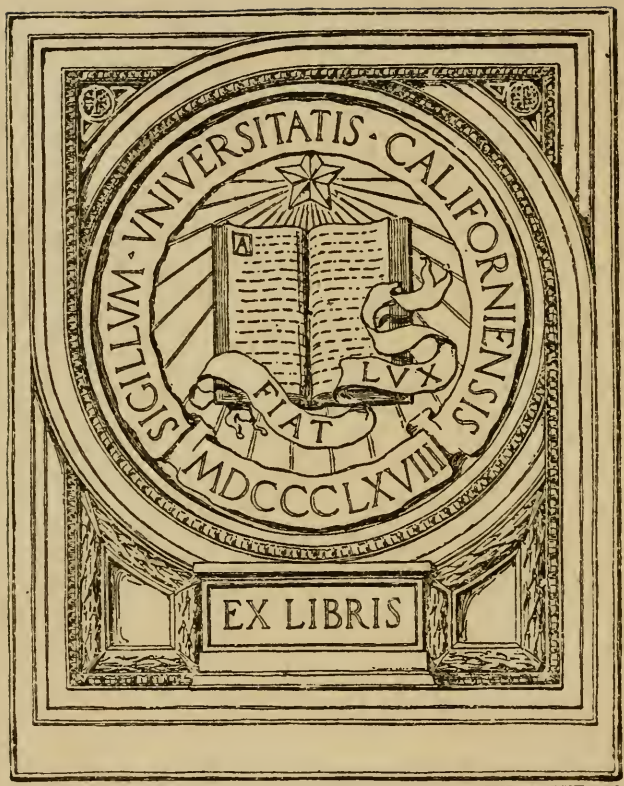
THE MODERN CHILD

COMPILED BY
HERVEY ELWES
WITH A FOREWORD BY
L. ALLEN HARKER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THE MODERN CHILD

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COMPILED BY

HERVEY ELWES

WITH A FOREWORD BY

L. ALLEN HARKER

"Where children are not, heaven is not."

A. C. SWINBURNE.

T. N. FOULIS
15 FREDERICK STREET
EDINBURGH: & LONDON
1908

TO THE DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS WHO—ALL UNKNOWN TO THEMSELVES—HAVE HELPED ME TO MAKE THIS BOOK.

PN 6071
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1908
MAIN

The Gods who toss their bounties down
To willing laps
Neither forgot the violet's scent,
Nor planets in the firmament—
The outposts of a mystery!
They gave to man the undefiled
Bright rivulets and waters wild;
They wrought at goodly gifts above,
And, for a pinnacle of love,
They fashioned him a little child.

NORMAN GALE.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

FOREWORD xvii

CHILDHOOD

FROM VICTOR HUGO	A. C. Swinburne	3
A HAPPY CHILDHOOD	Mary Cholmondeley	4
CHILDHOOD	Kate Douglas Wiggin	4
KINDNESS	L. Allen Harker	4
TO THE WORLD'S DELIGHT	Mary J. H. Skrine	5
RESPONSIBILITIES	Ennis Richmond	5
CHARM	Joseph Bennett	6
FORGIVENESS	Alice Meynell	6
DECORATIONS	Katharine Burrill	7
FELLOW TRAVELLERS WITH A BIRD	Alice Meynell	7
DERISION	Alice Meynell	8
THE SPIRIT OF CHILDHOOD	Edward H. Cooper	9
THE LITTLE PEOPLE	Kate Douglas Wiggin	9
DESPAIR	L. Allen Harker	10
"THE ACTUAL"	T. Ratcliffe Barnett	10
A CHILD'S PITY	A. C. Swinburne	11
A CHILD'S LAUGHTER	A. C. Swinburne	12
THE LEAST OF THESE	"Q"	14
THE VALLEY	Mary J. H. Skrine	14
CHILDHOOD'S COUNTRY	Louise Chandler Moulton	16

PARENTS

		PAGE
KING AND QUEEN	Coulson Kernahan	21
MARRIAGE	Coulson Kernahan	22
LOVE	T. Ratcliffe Barnett	22
FATHERHOOD	Coulson Kernahan	23
FAIRIES IN FACES	Norman Gale	25
A PIECE OF ADVICE	T. Ratcliffe Barnett	26
"THE FACE"	T. Ratcliffe Barnett	26
"MUMMIE"	Pamela, Lady Tennant	28
THE BOY'S HOUR	J. M. Barrie	28
QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR	S. M. B. Piatt	29
JUDGMENT	Writer of *The Young People*	31
AN EPOCH	L. Allen Harker	31
"ONE OF THE OLDEST PROFESSIONS"	L. Allen Harker	31
CHILD AND MOTHER	Eugene Field	32
THEN AND NOW	Louise Chandler Moulton	33
"GHOSTS"	J. M. Barrie	34

BABIES

THE MAKING OF VIOLA	Francis Thompson	39
A CRADLE SONG	A. C. Swinburne	42
KING BABY	Coulson Kernahan	43
SONG	E. Nesbit	43
TO MY DAUGHTER	Edmund Gosse	44
KISSING	Katharine Burrill	46
A POTENTATE	Frances Hodgson Burnett	46
A WOOLLY LAMB	Kate Douglas Wiggin	47
THE YOUNGEST	J. M. Barrie	47
FALLING ASLEEP	Alice Meynell	47
THE SANDMAN	Margaret Vandegrift	48
THE ROCK-A-BY LADY	Eugene Field	50

THE NURSERY PEOPLE

		PAGE
PLAY	Katharine Burrill	53
MUD-PIES	L. Allen Harker	53
FRESH AIR	William Sinclair, Archdeacon of London	54
A WEIRD TOY	R. H. Bretherton	54
TWO, AND ONE OVER	Evelyn Sharp	55
THE CHERUB	Evelyn Sharp	57
A DOLLS' HOSPITAL	*The Daily Telegraph*	58
DOLLIES	James Sully, M.A., LL.D.	59
TOYS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM	Edith L. Elias	60
WHEN YOU'RE A GIRL	Evelyn Sharp	62
BEETLES	*The Spectator*	63
SUGAR PIGS	Alice Meynell	63
"BOSH"	Alice Meynell	64
FAT	Alice Meynell	64
LONELY CHILDREN	Laurence Alma-Tadema	65
NURSERY DISCIPLINE	Ennis Richmond	66
THE NEW NURSE	Katharine Tynan Hinkson	66
A NICE NURSE	Edward H. Cooper	67
BEDTIME	Francis, Earl of Rosslyn	68
LAST WORDS	S. M. B. Piatt	69
A WAKE-UP SONG	Charles G. D. Roberts	70

NAUGHTINESS

VICE	G. W. Steevens	73
MISUNDERSTOOD	M. E. Bradshaw Isherwood	73
RETICENCE	L. Allen Harker	73
"GIANTS"	Kate Douglas Wiggin	74
NEW CLOTHES	Alice Meynell	75
FIBBING	James Sully, M.A., LL.D.	75
DISOBEDIENCE	Ennis Richmond	76

		PAGE
BLUSHES	Hubert Bland	76
JUSTICE	Kate Douglas Wiggin	77
MISTAKES	Ennis Richmond	77
PUNISHMENT	Edward H. Cooper	77

FRIGHTENING THINGS

THE UNKNOWN	James Sully, M.A., LL.D.	81
THE DARK	Frances E. Crompton	81
THE DREADFUL STILLNESS	Edna Lyall	82
LITTLE SOLITARIES	S. Macnaughton	84
GOD'S WRATH	James Sully, M.A., LL.D.	84
THE SICK WIND	Hamish Hendry	85
ANIMAL KINSFOLK	James Sully, M.A., LL.D.	85
A STRANGE GIRL	J. M. Barrie	86

LITTLE GIRLS

THE BEDOUIN CHILD	Theodore Watts-Dunton	91
AN ARTIST'S MODEL	Louise Chandler Moulton	92
"LITTLE HARES"	Emily M. P. Hickey	94
A MERE CHILD	Austin Dobson	94
TO IRIS	E. Nesbit	95
TO A CHILD (ROSAMUND)	E. Nesbit	96
A LITTLE CREATURE	Austin Dobson	98
A LITTLE MAIDEN	Sir Lewis Morris	99
"SWEETHEART"	S. R. Crockett	99
"LITTLE BLUE-RIBBONS"	Austin Dobson	100
DEAR LITTLE HAND	Sir Lewis Morris	101
TO MARJORIE	Alfred Cochrane	102
POLLY	R. C. Lehmann	103
MOLLY	R. C. Lehmann	106
SOMEBODY'S CHILD	Louise Chandler Moulton	107
A LITTLE GIRL	Laurence Alma-Tadema	108

BOYS

		PAGE
THE DESIRE	Katharine Tynan Hinkson	113
THE MEETING	Katharine Tynan Hinkson	113
BOYHOOD	Sir Lewis Morris	114
HOMESICKNESS	Alice Meynell	115
LETTERS	Evelyn Sharp	115
HAMPERS	E. V. Lucas	116
PETS	G. M. A. Hewett	117
A BOY	Alice Meynell	118
"AN ANXIETY"	Dorothea Moore	119
"TEENS"	L. Allen Harker	120

GROWN-UPS

A WORD OF WARNING	H. D. Lowry	123
A TENDER CONSCIENCE	R. H. Bretherton	124
"DEARS" AND "DEAFS"	L. Allen Harker	125
AUNTS AND UNCLES	Kenneth Grahame	125
"OLYMPIANS"	Kenneth Grahame	127
BROKEN PLEDGES	Kenneth Grahame	127
INTERFERENCE	Writer of *The Young People*	128
THE EVERLASTING CHILD	Constance Elizabeth Maud	129
RESPECT	Ennis Richmond	130
SOCIAL EDUCATION	Edward H. Cooper	130
A GENTLEMAN	L. Allen Harker	131
AUNT JAN	Norman Gale	132

LESSONS

"LABOUR AND GRIEF"	Edward H. Cooper	137
GOOD POETRY	"Q"	137
A "DRAGON"	Evelyn Sharp	138
THE GOOD THINGS IN ART	*The Daily Telegraph*	139

		PAGE
THE CLASSICS	Writer of *The Young People*	140
HOME MUSIC	Writer of *The Young People*	141
A SCHOOLROOM NEWSPAPER	Writer of *The Young People*	142
DRAWING	W. M. Hunt	143

OUT OF DOORS

COME FORTH	G. M. A. Hewett	147
HAPPY CHILDREN	Edmund Gosse	148
THE FLOWERY LAND	George Barlow	149
HIS WISDOM	Katharine Tynan Hinkson	150
ON SATURDAY MORNING EARLY	R. C. Lehmann	151
LITTLE SAVAGES	Kenneth Grahame	153
PLAY	T. E. Brown	154
GOING DOWN HILL ON A BICYCLE	H. C. Beeching	155
CHILDISH BOUQUETS	T. Ratcliffe Barnett	156

LITTLE INVALIDS

SELF-CONTROL	Alice Meynell	159
THE PRICE OF LOVE	T. Ratcliffe Barnett	159
THE SICK CHILD	Katharine Tynan Hinkson	160
RETRIBUTION	Edward H. Cooper	162
ALLEVIATIONS	*The Spectator*	163

SEA-SIDE CHILDREN

PACKING	Pamela, Lady Tennant	167
OFF TO THE SEA	Norman Gale	167
CARRYING ANGELA	Norman Gale	169
SEA-SIDE CHILDREN	E. V. Lucas	170
THE BEACH	Alice Meynell	171

CHILD-FRIENDS

		PAGE
A BROTHER'S TRIBUTE	Phillip Bourke Marston	175
CHILDREN'S AFFECTION	*The Spectator*	176
HUMAN FLOWERS	Constance Elizabeth Maud	177
"LITTLE 'PANION"	S. R. Crockett	178
A FAREWELL	Norman Gale	179
AD DOMULAM SUAM	Ernest Dowson	180

RELIGION

BABY-SOULS	Coulson Kernahan	183
THE CHILD AT PRAYER	Katharine Tynan Hinkson	183
HEAVEN	Coulson Kernahan	184
"BETTER THAN MUCH PREACHING"	S. R. Crockett	185
GOD'S GOODNESS	James Sully, M.A., LL.D.	185
LOGIC	Hubert Bland	186
"PITY MY SIMPLICITY"	Hubert Bland	186
REVERENCE	Edward H. Cooper	187
AUTHORITY	Writer of *The Young People*	188
SUNDAY DISCIPLINE	Writer of *The Young People*	189
IMMORTALITY	Coulson Kernahan	190

ENTERTAINMENTS

THE EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION	Evelyn Sharp	193
"WRECKERS"	Writer of *The Young People*	193
PANTOMIMES	J. M. Barrie	194
PUBLIC OCCASIONS	*The Spectator*	195
POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE	Writer of *The Young People*	196
PETER PAN	Katharine Burrill	197

LONDON

		PAGE
ST PAUL'S	Writer of *The Young People*	201
TO ORANGES	Norman Gale	202
"THE KIND STREETS"	Writer of *The Young People*	204
DENOMINATIONALISM	Writer of *The Young People*	205

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

"THE ART AT THE DOOR"	Austin Dobson	209
THE AUTHOR OF "ALICE"	R. C. Lehmann	209
LEWIS CARROLL	E. V. Lucas	212
FAIRY STORIES	S. R. Crockett	213
FANTASY	Max Beerbohm	214
STRUWELPETER	H. de Vere Stacpoole	215
THE INVENTION OF FAIRY-LAND	Kenneth Grahame	215
THE SCHOOLROOM LIBRARY	Thomas Seccombe	217
CHILDREN IN BOOKS	Evelyn Sharp	218

CHRISTMAS

A CHILD'S CAROL	"Q"	221
THE CHRISTMAS TREE AT "THE PINES"	Theodore Watts-Dunton	222
FATHER CHRISTMAS IN FAMINE STREET	Theodore Watts-Dunton	223
THE PLEASURE OF EXPECTATION	*The Spectator*	224
PRESENTS	Edward H. Cooper	224
CHRISTMAS	E. Nesbit	225
SANTA CLAUS	Alfred Noyes	226

"LOST AWHILE"

		PAGE
A GRANDMOTHER'S GIFT . .	R. C. Lehmann . .	231
LINES ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD	George Barlow . .	232
IN MEMORIAM: A. F. . .	T. E. Brown . .	234
LOVE COMFORTLESS . . .	Katharine Tynan Hinkson . . .	235
THE DEAD CHILD . .	George Barlow . .	236
W. V.	H. D. Lowry . .	237
IF I COULD KEEP HER SO .	Louise Chandler Moulton . .	237
"THE WHITE THRONE OF GOD"	Edward H. Cooper .	239

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FOREWORD

In nothing is change during the last fifty years more marked than in the mental attitude of the English-speaking races towards children. It seems almost impossible to those born within that fifty years that such places as "Dotheboys Hall," described by Charles Dickens in *Nicholas Nickleby*, could ever have existed. And yet, in his preface to a later edition of that work, Dickens himself declares emphatically and earnestly that Mr Squeers and his school were but "faint and feeble pictures of an existing reality, purposely subdued and kept down, lest they should be deemed impossible."

We have travelled a considerable distance along the road of humane and kindly dealing since 1867: since the poignant grief of Elizabeth Barrett's "Cry of the Children" startled England into a realisation of her responsibilities: since the Reverend Arthur Waugh founded his thrice excellent "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children."

We have poor little Lady Jane Grey's record of her treatment at the hands of her parents, who were, presumably, typical upper-class parents of that time :—"When I am in the presence of either father or mother, whether I speake, kepe silence, sit, stand, or go, eate, drinke, be merrie or sad . . . I must do it all so perfitlie as God made the world, or else I am so sharplie taunted, so cruellie threatened, yea presentlie sometimes with pinches, nippes, and bobs and other waies, which I will not name, for the honour I beare them, so without measure misordered that I think myself in Hell."

Happily that is all changed for the better. Nowadays nothing is good enough for the children, no sacrifice too great to make on their behalf; money and time and thought are poured out like water before the eager tripping feet. And as any strong tendency almost invariably sets its mark upon the written thought of a nation, so this love of ours for the little people has flooded our literature with a multitude of books about children,—books, many of them, entirely excellent, full of intuition, insight, and tenderest understanding.

One result of all this affectionate enthusiasm for youth is that children, themselves, have come to realise that in this twentieth century of ours it is an excellent thing to be a child, and they are none of them in the smallest hurry to grow up. In the

immortal Peter Pan, Mr Barrie has, as it were, quintessentialised this truly modern spirit, for Peter Pan is the "boy who wouldn't grow up."

All that we can discover from the somewhat scanty literature concerning children that has come down to us from past ages points to the belief that in bygone days children were by no means equally contented with their lot, and were always looking forward to and straining towards the attainment of that emancipated time when they should have arrived at the omniscient liberty of adult years. The fact that they were so persistently sat upon by their elders, makes such a state of mind far from surprising. At the same time, the most ardent child-lover of to-day cannot but feel sometimes that the modest and self-effacing young persons who resulted from this drastic treatment must have been uncommonly pleasant to know. And there is small question, that in spite of the multitude of subjects our youngsters tackle in their strenuous pursuit of knowledge, they are, on the whole, considerably behind their ancestors of the same age and station in actual mental grasp and strength of character. The Eighteenth-century boy was often in Parliament by the time he was twenty-one; and his sister, if she married at all, usually married at sixteen or seventeen. In our day a boy often remains at public school till he is twenty, and our girls are girls by courtesy till they are well into the thirties.

Gradually, as the immense importance of a child's early years dawned upon all thinking people, it was borne in upon parents that happiness is the lawful heritage of childhood. Such parents resolved that their children should not suffer as they, themselves, had suffered, and as, in their own youth, they had seen other children suffer, from misunderstanding, mismanagement, neglected faults of character or physique. The children of such parents were bound in honour to carry on this wise and tender treatment when the time came for them to have children of their own. And thus there has arisen a blessèd and beneficent tradition that care, and kindness, and sympathy are the *right* of every little child born into the world. Those who value this tradition most are the ones who would fain make such tradition custom, and the custom universal.

Unkindness, neglect, positive cruelty to children, while they undoubtedly still exist—infernal smouldering fires, not yet stamped out by the sturdy feet of public opinion—are, however, the exception, not the rule. And such exceptions, when discovered, are promptly punished and execrated with a heartiness and unanimity that assuredly act as a deterrent to similar would-be delinquents.

In this charming anthology of childhood that Mr Hervey Elwes has compiled, there is nothing that is not tender and understanding. No one

who has not undertaken a work of the kind can fully appreciate the enormous amount of affectionate labour such a book entails. There is much about children in Modern Literature that is so entirely lovely, so wholly of good report, that it is far harder to discard than to collect, and on this score my sympathy goes out to Mr Elwes, for I know that his taste is as catholic as it is discriminating, and that he has been obliged to leave out quite as many well-loved quotations as he has included—not because he loved the writers less, but from pure lack of space. Even when the necessary extracts have been chosen, there comes the long and difficult task of arranging them under suitable headings. I hope it is not impertinent on my part to take leave here to congratulate Mr Elwes upon this portion of his work. Any reader of this delightful little book can, in an instant, find any particular and favourite passage; and in a book of the kind this is a real boon.

Where there is so much that is calculated to give pleasure, it were almost invidious to single out any particular passages for comment; but I cannot resist the opportunity of calling the attention of all child-lovers to the quotation entitled "Good Poetry," by Mr Quiller Couch, in the section "Lessons," because here he grinds to quite admirable sharpness a favourite axe of my own.

I have already said that nowadays "nothing is

good enough for children," but, to be accurate, I should have added, "except in the matter of books and pictures." Quite well-meaning and kindly persons are incredibly careless as to the sort of picture papers they will put into the hands of their young friends. Parents, uncles and aunts, good-natured friends, are almost all equally to blame in this important matter. At almost any railway station in the kingdom, when the children are returning to school after the holidays, such thoughtless, amiable folk will thrust into the children's hands, "to amuse them on the journey," halfpenny horrors, where both letterpress and illustration are hopelessly vulgar and hideous. And it is just these very parents and temporary guardians who express most surprise and horror when, later on, their sons marry barmaids or ballet-dancers, and their daughters fall an easy victim to the latest absurdity in fashionable religions.

In Literature and Art, above all else, nothing should be good enough for children but the very best, for of none more truly than of children can it be said, "we needs must love the highest when we see it." But take care that they shall have the chance to see it, and let them see it while they are still "wax to receive and marble to retain."

In a room at Brantwood devoted almost entirely to cupboards containing books and pictures, there was one reserved for what Mr Ruskin called "the

Devil's Books"; and it did not contain naughty French novels or anything of the sort; it was filled almost entirely by illustrated books intended for little children, in which the pictures were, most of them, hopelessly bad.

In the matter of literature, children do not require wholly to understand in order to enjoy, but inevitably and instinctively a quite little child will choose the best if you give him the chance.

It was my fortune once to give a Bible lesson every morning to a little boy of four years old. We got on very nicely indeed so long as I read what I had to read from the Bible itself. We discussed the stories afterwards, and he was always quite interested and happy. But one day an evil spirit entered into me, and suggested that I should give my lesson from one of those little books in which the authors, with sublime impertinence that so often characterises the well-meaning, essay to tell the Bible stories "in their own words."

The little boy bore it for about four minutes, then laid a chubby hand over the page, and in a voice, bored almost to tears, exclaimed—"Oh, *can't* we have the Bible book? this is so tinkly!"

Among my friends I number a young Naval Cadet, who is everything a Naval Cadet ought to be; strong, and round-faced, and jolly (the gentleman is twelve), good at all games—in fact, the cheeriest of good-tempered sportsmen. It was his misfortune during a recent holiday—I quote

his old nurse—"to come out all of a rash," and what do you think this entirely jolly young person chose to soothe his days of irritation and seclusion?

For hours his pretty, patient mother had to read aloud to him from Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*. Privately, his father and mother agreed that their whole-hearted sympathy went out to the belated wedding-guest, but the *Ancient Mariner* that boy would have, and nothing else. It filled a void in his nature just then that nothing else could fill. And how the musical, stately verse will come back to him in future years, when, perhaps, he is far away in some tropical sea, and almost as uncomfortable as when he "was out all of a rash"!

"Is this the hill? Is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countrie?"—

Ah! it will be his own countrie the poem will bring back to that boy. Once again he will lie in his own bed in his bedroom at home, with his cricket-bats, and rods, and the photographs of his eleven at preparatory school upon the walls. Once more he will see the sunshine on his mother's hair as she reads, and hear through the open window the distant whirr of the lawn-mower as they cut the tennis lawn.

Oh, you who love little children—and no others will read this book—see to it that you do nothing to debase their taste; for, believe me, fastidious

taste will often save man and woman from folly, and even sin, where moral precepts and the best examples, at that particular time, wholly fail. You do your children a grievous wrong when you destroy their mental palate for what is really fine in literature by feeding them on halfpenny coarseness, or the quite equally debilitating "topics for tiny tots," recently and admirably satirised in the witty and genial pages of "Mr Punch" as "Chick Food."

Now, *Punch* is a paper that every child loves if it gets the chance. I know one family where the children at three years old knew the portraits in all the cartoons from the very beginning, and what better history of their own time could they have? Why, even Mr Elwes couldn't make his "Modern Child" without calling on "Mr Punch" for his assistance. . . . Among the long rows of *Punches* belonging to that family there is a gap. Two volumes are amissing. They were taken by the eldest boy when he went to India.

"I'd like those two," he said, "for I knew the jokes to every picture in them long before I could read. Dad and I used always to do them together."

The others felt he had a right to them, and let them go. The kind voice that explained those pictures had long been stilled; but whenever he handles those books, that boy, "now grown a man," will feel around him once more the strong

protecting arms that were ever such a ready haven for even the naughtiest of little boys; and tender, blessed memories of Home, soft and fragrant and abiding, will be found on every well-known page.

There is nothing that is so provocative of clear mental pictures as certain scents and certain books with which we were familiar in childhood. And the books that have ever most influence in later life are the books we have known and loved when we were young.

To the gentle-hearted, therefore, I commend this book, made by one who loves children for such as love children; certain, that however varied be their standpoint, all will find herein something appealing, something kind, something familiar; and for those child-lovers whose little people have grown up or gone away—something of consolation.

L. ALLEN HARKER.

CHILDHOOD

" Happy season of Childhood!" exclaims Teufelsdröckh ;
" Kind Nature, that art to all a bountiful mother ; that
" visitest the poor man's hut with auroral radiance ; and
" for the Nurseling hast provided a soft swathing of Love
" and infinite Hope, wherein he waxes and slumbers,
" danced-round (umgäukelt) by sweetest Dreams!"

CARLYLE,
Sartor Resartus

Once on a time, when sunny May
Was kissing up the April showers,
I saw fair Childhood hard at play
Upon a bank of blushing flowers :
Happy—he knew not whence or how,—
And smiling,—who could choose but love him?
For not more glad than Childhood's brow
Was the blue heaven that beamed above him.

W. MACKWORTH PRAED,
Childhood and his Visitors

FROM VICTOR HUGO

Take heed of this small child of earth;
He is great: he hath in him God most high.
Children before their fleshly birth
Are lights alive in the blue sky.

In our light bitter world of wrong
They come; God gives us them awhile.
His speech is in their stammering tongue,
And His forgiveness in their smile.

Their sweet light rests upon our eyes,
Alas! their right to joy is plain.
If they are hungry, Paradise
Weeps, and, if cold, Heaven thrills with pain.

The want that saps their sinless flower
Speaks judgment on sin's ministers.
Man holds an angel in his power.
Ah! deep in Heaven what thunder stirs,

When God seeks out these tender things
Whom in the shadow where we sleep
He sends us clothed about with wings,
And finds them ragged babes that weep!

A. C. SWINBURNE

A HAPPY CHILDHOOD

A happy childhood is one of the best gifts that parents have it in their power to bestow; second only to implanting a habit of obedience which puts the child in training for the habit of obeying himself, later on. MARY CHOLMONDELEY,
Diana Tempest

CHILDHOOD

There is no substitute for a genuine, free, bread-and-butter childhood.
KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN,
* *Children's Rights*

KINDNESS

Verily kindness shown to little children is put out at usury. Which of us ever forgets one who was good to us in that wide-eyed, strenuous time when every sorrow is so engulfing, every joy so all-sufficing! And those who remember best are the most eager to make payment in the only possible way—the passing on of patience and sympathy to other little children, whose small feet patter in such pathetic fearlessness down those unexplored passages of life that haply hold so many unexpected griefs. L. ALLEN HARKER,
† *His First Leave*

* Published by Messrs Gay & Bird.
† By permission of Mr Edwin Arnold.

TO THE WORLD'S DELIGHT

O little feet, amid the grass
Chasing the shadows as they pass,
The river talks beside your way,
The winds are sweet at dawn of day.
O little feet!

O little hands that pull the flowers
Of Sunrise-Land no longer ours,
Come, drag me with you to your play,
And I shall make believe all day.
O little hands!

O little heart, all fresh and true,
Trusting the sky that still is blue,
Be friends! for, look! the sky is gray
O'er me—no more at dawn of day!
O little heart!

O little soul, mysterious—new,
Fresh waked from God's eternal blue,
Be near me, sweet! At touch of thee
Again the Dawn-Wind breathes on me.
O little soul!

MARY J. H. SKRINE,
The World's Delight

RESPONSIBILITIES

Comparatively speaking, nothing in the world matters but the children, and no pursuit or occupation in which men and women engage can be

compared in importance with the bringing-up of a child.

If we could lay to heart the obvious truth that the children of now are the world of twenty to forty years hence, and if we further realised that while they are children, we can practically do what we like with them, we can see to some extent where our responsibilities land us.

ENNIS RICHMOND,
The Mind of a Child

CHARM

Human nature does not change, and somewhere in the constitution of the most priggish boy, as of the "newest girl," the old, sweet charm exists. It may be disguised by veneer, or hidden under many coats of modern paint, but it is there.

JOSEPH BENNETT

FORGIVENESS

It is the sweet and entire forgiveness of children, who ask pity for their sorrows from those causing them, who do not perceive that they are wronged, who never dream that they are forgiving, and who make no bargain for apologies —it is this that men and women are urged to learn of a child. Graces more confessedly childlike they may make shift to teach themselves.

ALICE MEYNELL,
The Children

DECORATIONS

A great many direful things are said of men and women who are insensible to the sound of sweet music; in fact, crime and a poor musical ear seem to go hand in hand. Much worse things should be said of men and women—especially women—who do not care for children.

. . . . . .

Did not Barry Pain write a delightful little article headed "Children will be very much worn this season"?—which looks as if they were to be considered decorative and fashionable—if nothing else. There is no doubt that children are extremely *becoming*. A woman rarely looks better—even the plainest woman—than when she has a little child clinging to her—her best adornment.

KATHARINE BURRILL,
The Little Foxes

FELLOW TRAVELLERS WITH A BIRD

To attend to a living child is to be baffled in your humour, disappointed of your pathos, and set freshly free from all the pre-occupations. You cannot anticipate him. Blackbirds, overheard year by year, do not compose the same phrases; never two leit-motifs alike! Not the tone, but the tune alters. With the uncovenanted ways of a child you keep no tryst. They meet you at another place, after failing you where you tarried; your

former experiences, your documents, are at fault. You are the fellow traveller of a bird. The bird alights and escapes out of time to your footing.

ALICE MEYNELL,
The Children

DERISION

Derision, which is so great a part of human comedy, has not spared the humours of children. Yet they are fitter subjects for any other kind of jesting. In the first place, they are quite defenceless; but besides and before this, it might have been supposed that nothing in a child could provoke the equal passion of scorn. Between confessed unequals scorn is not even suggested. Its derisive proclamation of inequality has no sting and no meaning where inequality is natural and manifest.

Children rouse the laughter of men and women; but in all that laughter the tone of derision is more strange a discord than the tone of anger would be, or the tone of theological menace. These, little children have had to bear in their day, but in the grim and serious moods —not in the play—of their elders. The wonder is that children should ever have been burlesqued, or held to be fit subjects for irony.

ALICE MEYNELL,
The Children

THE SPIRIT OF CHILDHOOD

I find it hard to believe in some universal essential spirit of childhood, some *ewig kindliche*, dressed here in furs, skirts or feathers, there in pig-tails, patched trousers, bangles or fez caps, sometimes a year old, and sometimes sixteen, but with the gist of the matter always present so that I can love or hate it. Innocence, faith, wonder, joy, reverence, these are common to all ages; while many a thousand children lack them all. The story of one child-life may be spiritual beyond the power of human words to tell, a book of faith and innocence written in white on white; the thoughts and daily life of another could be adequately described only by the dullest and most rigidly realistic pen.

EDWARD H. COOPER,
The Twentieth Century Child

THE LITTLE PEOPLE

I have a good deal of sympathy for the little people during their first eight or ten years, when they are just beginning to learn life's lessons, and when the laws which govern them must often seem so strange and unjust. It is not an occasion for a big burning sympathy, perhaps, but for a tender little one, with a half smile in it, as we think of what we were, and "what in young

clothes we hoped to be, and of how many things have come across"; for childhood is an eternal promise which no man ever keeps.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN,
* *Children's Rights*

DESPAIR

It is a mistake to think that children never come face to face with despair. They do, more often than the superior, omniscient grown-ups themselves. There is a finality about every sorrow for children; they cannot realise that such pain as they feel *can* pass; they do not believe it. The saddest of all poets must have thought of sorrowing children when he wrote:—

> "We are most hopeless, who once had most hope,
> And most beliefless, who had most believed."

What matter if the grief be short, its poignancy while it lasts is none the less acute.

L. ALLEN HARKER,
The Intervention of the Duke

"THE ACTUAL"

People who write about children should always tell the truth. For to translate a child's simplest day into words is to narrate one of the Seven Wonders of the World. The moment we begin to *invent* things which we think children ought to

* Published by Messrs Gay & Bird.

say, we tumble down to the commonplace. With childhood, as indeed with man, it is the actual that is ever the most wonderful.

T. Ratcliffe Barnett,
The Finest Baby in the World

A CHILD'S PITY

No sweeter thing than children's ways and wiles,
Surely, we say, can gladden eyes and ears;
Yet sometimes sweeter than their words or smiles
Are even their tears.

To one for once a piteous tale was read,
How, when the murderous mother crocodile
Was slain, her fierce brood famished, and lay dead,
Starved, by the Nile.

In vast green reed-beds on the vast grey slime
These monsters motionless and helpless lay,
Perishing only for the parent's crime
Whose seed were they.

Hours after, toward the dusk, one blithe small bird
Of Paradise, who has our hearts in keeping,
Was heard or seen, but hardly seen or heard,
For pity weeping.

He was so sorry, sitting still apart,
For the poor little crocodiles, he said.

Six years had given him, for an angel's heart,
A child's instead.

Feigned tears the false beasts shed for murderous ends,
We know from travellers' tales of crocodiles;
But these tears wept upon them of my friend's
Outshine his smiles.

What heavenliest angels of what heavenly city
Could match the heavenly heart in children here?
The heart that hallowing all things with its pity
Casts out all fear?

So lovely, so divine, so dear their laughter
Seems to us, we know not what could be more dear:
But lovelier yet we see the sign thereafter
Of such a tear.

With sense of love half laughing and half weeping
We met your tears, our small sweet-spirited friend:
Let your love have us in its heavenly keeping
To life's last end.

A. C. SWINBURNE

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,

All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
  All sweet sounds together;
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundawn stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
  Wind in warm wan weather,

One thing yet there is, that none
Hearing ere its chime be done
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
  Hoped in heaven hereafter;
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
When the soul of all delight
  Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never forth such notes, nor told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold,
As the radiant mouth of gold
  Here that rings forth heaven.
If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale—why, then,
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
  Laughs a child of seven.

A. C. SWINBURNE

THE LEAST OF THESE

"Lord, in Thy Courts
Are seats so green bestowed,
As there resorts
Along the dusty road
A cavalcade,—King, Bishop, Knight, and Judge:
And though I toil behind and meanly trudge,
Let me, too, lie upon that pleasant sward,
For I am weary, Lord.

"Christ, at Thy board
Are wine and dishes drest
That do afford
Contentment to the best.
And though with Poverty my bed hath been
These many years, and my refreshment lean,
With plenty now at last my soul acquaint,
Dear Master, for I faint."

But through the grille,
"Where is thy Robe?" said He,
"Wouldst eat thy fill,
Yet shirk civility?"
"My Robe, alas! There was a little child
That shivered by the road,—" Swiftly God smiled,
"I was that Child," said He, and raised the pin;
"Dear friend, enter thou in!"

"Q," *Poems and Ballads*

THE VALLEY

The Valley of Morning is wide and green,
Broad were the Meadows of Sleep, I ween;

And here in shadow, and there in sheen,
The River of Life flows on between;
And ah! the Valley is fair.

And up and down, as frolic they may,
All over the Valley the children play.
The games are good and the flowers are gay,
For never you're tired while here you stay,
And ah! the Valley is dear.

For Morn is a lark and Eve a dove,
When elves peep out from the willow grove,
And baby-angels from hills above;
For River of Life is River of Love,
When ah! the Valley is ours.

But see! where the banks grow narrow and near!
The river goes foaming that was so clear,
And lone and little and cold and drear,
The child-heart shrinks, in the cloud called Fear,
And ah! the Valley is chill.

Little heart that shrinks, little heart be bold!
The Hand that gave is the Hand to hold.
'Tis a shadow of dark, 'tis a shudder of cold,
—And to-morrow warm deeds for a babe grown old,
When the Valley is far, how far!

MARY J. H. SKRINE,
The House of the Luck

CHILDHOOD'S COUNTRY

O pleasant Land of Childhood,
I turn to say good-bye
To all your spring-time pathways
That now behind me lie:

To happy skies above you,
And roses by the way,
And well-remembered places
Wherein I used to play,

When on my knees I tended
Doll-children still and fair,
And washed their patient faces,
And brushed their golden hair.

I thought they knew and loved me,
Those children on my knee;
When sore affliction found them,
What grief it was to me!

One fell and broke her ankle,
And one put out her eye,
And one her wicked uncles
Shot at, maliciously,

And left her sadly lying,
The sawdust bleeding fast
From her poor wounded body,
Until she died, at last.

I buried her at nightfall,
  Beneath a lonely tree;
And from her grave, a violet
  Sprang up to comfort me.

My dogs, my cats, my pony,—
  Ah, Childhood's Land was gay
With all those boon companions
  I've left upon the way!

But that so pleasant country,
  With all its joy and pain
Lost in the mist behind me,
  How shall I find again?

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
In Childhood's Country

PARENTS

Boswell: "*Do you think, Sir, that what is called natural affection is born with us? It seems to me to be the effect of habit, or of gratitude for kindness. No child has it for a parent whom it has not seen.*"

Johnson: "*Why, Sir, I think there is an instinctive natural affection in parents towards their children.*"

Boswell's Life of Johnson

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. . . . Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have greatest care of future times, unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges. . . . Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust, yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hard-hearted (good to make severe inquisitors), because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. BACON,

On Marriage and Single Life

KING AND QUEEN

In all the world there is no lovelight so divine as the light which shines in the eyes of a father, of a mother, at first sight of their child. In all the world there is no sight more sweet, more sacred, more solemn, than the sight of the little child lying sheltered on the bosom of the mother, who, in her turn, seeks loving shelter and shepherding from the strong man against whose protecting breast she leans.

. . . . . .

When a man becomes a father, a woman a mother, then he is a king and a creator indeed, then she is a queen, and crowned with the rarest diadem womanhood may wear. It is that men and women may be drawn together in love and marriage, thereby to carry on the work of creation which God Himself has begun; that earth may not be lacking in the laughter of little children, nor heaven in the lovely light upon the face of angels, who of their purity may see God—it is for this that God makes woman divinely fair, makes men straight and strong and fearless.

COULSON KERNAHAN,
A World Without a Child

MARRIAGE

It often happens that when youth and maiden, man and woman, love God, and love each other so purely that they take no thought of aught but of God and of their love—God takes thought for their children, that they be straight and strong and very beautiful. But when the man and the woman make not love their world, but the world their love;—either delaying marriage till youth be gone, lest by living simply they lose something of ease and comfort, or, if they marry, hoping that their union be childless, lest the dear and lovely burden of babyhood (a burden which no true woman would willingly forego) lie upon a bosom which, but for that burden, had been bared, not to the sweet pressure of baby lips and fingers, but to the eyes of partners in a dance, of fellow-guests at a dinner, or of utter strangers in a theatre;—when those, who love, thus take thought to evade love's sacred obligation, take thought of money and position and worldly pleasure, it often happens that upon the faces of their children, if children come, is to be seen something of the ageing anxiousness which had filled the thoughts of their parents.

COULSON KERNAHAN,
A World Without a Child

LOVE

The self-denial of the parent for the child is the foundation on which the human family is built.

The true mother gives her whole life for her children. The true father toils not for himself but for those who are his. There is literally nothing which love will not prompt a parent to do for the sake of a child, even to the laying down of life itself.

T. RATCLIFFE BARNETT,
The Blessed Ministry of Childhood

FATHERHOOD

I look sometimes into my child's eyes and I ask myself whether she can read and sound the depths of love in mine. One day, perhaps, when she has a child of her own, she will understand that the mere fact of her room being next to mine is a happiness to me, and that my sleep is sweeter because of the sense of nearness to her. But in the meantime I often wonder whether as yet she is—even if unconsciously—aware of my love, or whether it is only because I represent to her the buoyant joys of airy up-tossings, because I am associated in her thoughts with the eager interest of new toys, and the thousand and one devices which I contrive for her entertainment, that she bounds gleefully in her nurse's arms at the sight of me. "Ah, little one!" I say to myself. "Perhaps the heart of the Divine Father may ache as longingly for some sign of His children's love, as mine is now aching to be assured of yours.

Were I to pass out of your sight to-morrow, would you forget me as easily as I forget Him?"

Here I am naturally reminded of Mr William Canton's poem on this very subject, and remembering it I am silenced as by a rebuke. Instead, therefore, of proffering copper of my own coining, let me assist to circulate the fine gold of his. The poem occurs in *The Invisible Playmate and W. V., Her Book*, which stands side by side on my shelf with Mr Barrie's *Margaret Ogilvy*. To me it is the "Margaret Ogilvy" of childhood, and if out of all the literature of the last ten years only some half-dozen volumes might remain, I should certainly plead that these two be among them.

I have a little maid who, when she leaves
Her father and her father's threshold, grieves,
But being gone, and life all holiday,
Forgets my love and me straightway;
Yet when I write,
Kisses my letters, dancing with delight,
Cries "Dearest father!" and in all her glee
For one brief live-long hour remembers me.
Shall I in anger punish or reprove?
Nay, this is natural; she cannot guess
How one forgotten feels forgetfulness;
And I am glad thinking of her glad face,
And send her little tokens of my love.

And Thou—wouldst Thou be wroth in such a case?

And crying Abba, I am fain
To think no human father's heart
Can be so tender as Thou art,
So quick to feel our love, to feel our pain.

When she is froward, querulous, or wild,
Thou knowest, Abba, how in each offence,
I stint not patience, lest I wrong the child,
Mistaking for revolt defect of sense,
For wilfulness mere sprightliness of mind.
Thou know'st how often, seeing I am blind;
How when I turn her face against the wall
And leave her in disgrace,
And will not look at her, or speak at all,
I long to speak and long to see her face;
And how, when twice, for something grievous done
I could but smite, and, though I lightly smote,
I felt my heart rise strangling in my throat;
And when she wept I kissed the poor red hands.

All these things, Father, a father understands;
And am not I Thy son?

COULSON KERNAHAN,
The Child-Face

FAIRIES IN FACES

I like to sit on Daddy's knee,
And watch the fairy in his face,
That always has a smile for me,
And never wanders from her place.

And mother says the eyes of Joy
Will make a thousand faces shine,
When Love can spare each little boy
A father half as sweet as mine.

NORMAN GALE,
Songs for Little People

A PIECE OF ADVICE

To show you what an educative influence a child can have upon a parent, let me here insert a little aside. The other day, when I was working in the garden, the Rogue, who is for ever making a show of "helping dadda," lifted the largest rake. She swung it heavily and slowly behind my back, and the next moment the finest tulip in the bed was felled to the ground. I exclaimed "By——!" remembering just in time to omit the mention of jove or jingo or some such mild deity, lest I should offend her ear. She dropped the rake (on another tulip, of course), stared solemnly up at me, and said "By——!" in the self-same tone of voice. Sir, what you do not wish your child to say or do, never say or do yourself. T. RATCLIFFE BARNETT,
The Finest Baby in the World

"THE FACE"

We call every child a stranger—and so it is—for in the Eternal Travel of Life this world is but one short stage of the way which has no beginning

and no ending. What we take for the beginning we call Birth, and what we take for the ending we call Death. But the truth of the world is rather this—that, emerging out of Eternity, we live and we love, and then we return to the Eternity whence we came.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

Then comes the gradual recognition in the eye of childhood, the growing intelligence so quick to detect the One Face in the world among all others. Then the instinctive consciousness of that Face withdrawn, which gives the first sense of absence and begets the first tears of regret—tears which are changed into smiles, by some witchery of sensibility within the child's soul, the moment the Face returns and the presence comes back. So, at last, on the threshold of a maturer childhood the helpless infant comes to a time when the very thought of life seems intolerable apart from the ever blessed presence of the mother-heart.

T. Ratcliffe Barnett,
The Blessed Ministry of Childhood

"MUMMIE"

It is only when children really love those around them that they hold some rein upon their fitful desires. Only when they stop to say: "Will it grieve mummie if I do it?" is there a chance of their denying themselves.

PAMELA, LADY TENNANT,
The Children and the Pictures

"THE BOY'S HOUR"

Heaven help all mothers if they be not really dears, for their boy will certainly know it in that strange short hour of the day when every mother stands revealed before her little son. That dread hour ticks between six and seven; when children go to bed later the revelation has ceased to come. He is lapt in for the night now and lies quietly there, madam, with great mysterious eyes fixed upon his mother. He is summing up your day. Nothing in the revelations that kept you together and yet apart in play-time can save you now; it is the boy's hour, and you have come up for judgment.

"Have I done well to-day, my son?" You have got to say it, and nothing may you hide from him; he knows all. How like your voice has grown to his, but more tremulous, and both so solemn, so unlike the voice of either of you by day.

"You were a little unjust to me to-day about the apple; were you not, mother?"

Stand there, woman, by the foot of the bed, and cross your hands and answer him.

"Yes, my son, I was. I thought——"

But what you thought will not affect the verdict.

"Was it fair, mother, to say that I could stay out till six, and then pretend it was six before it was quite six?"

"No, it was very unfair. I thought——"

"Would it have been a lie if *I* had said it was quite six?"

"O my son, my son! I shall never tell you a lie again."

"No, mother, please don't."

"My boy, have I done well to-day on the whole?"

Suppose he were unable to say yes?

J. M. Barrie,
The Little White Bird

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

"Do angels wear white dresses, say?
Always, or only in the summer? Do
Their birthdays have to come like mine, in May?
Do they have scarlet sashes then, or blue?

"When little Jessie died last night,
How could she walk to Heaven—it is so far?

How did she find the way without a light?
There wasn't even any moon or star.

"Will she have red or golden wings?
Then will she have to be a bird, and fly?
Do they take men like presidents and kings
In hearses with black plumes clear to the sky?

"How old is God? Has He grey hair?
Can He see yet? Where did He have to stay
Before—you know—He had made—anywhere?
Who does He pray to—when He has to pray?

"How many drops are in the sea?
How many stars?—Well, then, you ought to know
How many flowers are on an apple tree?
How does the wind look when it doesn't blow?

"Where does the rainbow end? And why
Did—Captain Kidd—bury the gold there? When
Will this world burn? And will the firemen try
To put the fire out with the engines then?

"If you should ever die, may we
Have pumpkins growing in the garden, so
My fairy godmother can come for me,
When there's a prince's ball, and let me go?

"Read Cinderella just once more——
What makes—men's other wives—so mean?"
I know

That I was tired, it may be cross, before
I shut the printed book for her to go.

Hours later from a child's white bed
I heard the timid, last queer question start:
"Mamma, are you—my stepmother?" it said.
The innocent reproof crept to my heart.

S. M. B. PIATT

JUDGMENT

The young person who never judges his or her parents will always be misjudging them; and, if I were in want of children of my own, I would as soon adopt a gramophone as have such a child.

The Young People

AN EPOCH

That time certainly ranks as an epoch in a child's mind when first it regards its mother as an individual, ceasing for the moment to take her for granted with that happy trustfulness which can conceive of nothing different.

L. ALLEN HARKER,
A Romance of the Nursery

"ONE OF THE OLDEST PROFESSIONS"

"And what are you going to be?" he asked one day, after they had exhaustively discussed the futures of the three boys.

"Oh, I'm going to be a mother," she replied, with immense decision. "You see, you have such a lot of people to take care of you and love you, if you're a mother."

"But you have to take care of them first, haven't you?" he asked.

"Oh yes, just at first—but afterwards—You should just see the care we take of mother, daddie and all."

The man looked out to sea and tried to picture the eager little figure at his side as a large, comfortable mother of many children. He tried so hard that he forgot to answer her last remark, and she asked anxiously—

"Don't you think it's a good thing to be?"

"Excellent!" he answered heartily. "It is one of the oldest and most honourable professions; mothers are people we can in nowise ever do without."

"That's what I thought," said Winny in a satisfied voice, "and that's what I'm going to be; I made up my mind years ago."

L. Allen Harker,
The Little People

CHILD AND MOTHER

O, Mother, my love, if you'll give me your hand,
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land—
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.

We'll walk in a sweet posie garden out there,
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air
With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you;
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,
Nor patching of stockings to vex you,
For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,
And sing you asleep when you're weary;
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head
In the bosom that's soothed me so often,
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead
A song which our dreaming shall soften.
So mother, my love, let me take your dear hand,
And away through the starlight we'll wander—
Away through the mist to the beautiful land—
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.

EUGENE FIELD

THEN AND NOW

"I'll come back, surely, whenever you call,"
Was what my little one used to say,
When I wanted to write, and sent her off,
With her nurse and her talking doll, to play.

"Oh yes, I am coming!" and back she would run,
(Though, indeed, I had spoken never a word)
And coaxing and wheedling she used to say,
"I came, dear Mother, as soon as I heard."

I loved her dearly, the hindering thing,
And I could not bear to send her away;
But work is work, and how could I spare
The whole of the live-long day for play?

She is grown up now, and she lives afar,
And nobody calls me, from morning till night;
But I am not glad of the long free hours,
And I would I could hear her, my Heart's Delight,

Running, and shouting with glee as she came,
(Though, indeed, I had spoken never a word)
"I heard you, and knew you were calling for me,
And I came, dear Mother, as soon as I heard."

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
In Childhood's Country

"GHOSTS"

The only ghosts, I believe, who creep into this world, are dead young mothers, returned to see how their children fare. There is no other inducement great enough to bring the departed back. They glide into the acquainted room

when day and night, their jailers, are in the grip, and whisper, "How is it with you, my child?" but always, lest a strange face should frighten him, they whisper it so low that he may not hear. They bend over him to see that he sleeps peacefully, and replace his sweet arm beneath the coverlet, and they open the drawers to count how many little vests he has. They love to do these things.

J. M. BARRIE,
The Little White Bird

BABIES

I know not how so whimsical a thought came into my mind, but I asked: "If, Sir, you were shut up in a castle and a new-born child with you, what would you do?" Johnson: "Why, Sir, I should not much like my company." Boswell: "But would you take the trouble of rearing it?" He seemed, as may well be supposed, unwilling to pursue the subject; but upon my persevering in my question, replied, "Why yes, Sir, I would; but I must have all conveniences. If I had no garden, I would make a shed on the roof, and take it there for fresh air. I should feed it, and wash it much, and with warm water to please it, not with cold water to give it pain." Boswell: "But, Sir, does not heat relax?" Johnson: "Sir, you are not to imagine the water is to be very hot. I would not coddle *the child."*

Boswell's Life of Johnson

Sleep, babie mine, Desire's nurse, Beautie, singeth;
Thy cries, O babie, set mine head on aking,
The babe cries, "Way, thy love doth keepe me waking."
Lully, lully, my babe, Hope cradle bringeth
Unto my children alway, good rest taking.
The babe cries, "Way, thy love doth keepe me waking."
Since, babie mine, from me thy watching springeth,
Sleepe then, a little, pap Content is making.
The babe cries, "Nay, for that abide I waking."

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

THE MAKING OF VIOLA

I

The Father of Heaven—

Spin, daughter Mary, spin,
Twirl your wheel with silver din;
Spin, daughter Mary, spin,
Spin a tress for Viola.

Angels—

Spin, Queen Mary, a
Brown tress for Viola!

II

The Father of Heaven—

Weave, hands angelical,
Weave a woof of flesh to pall—
Weave, hands angelical—
Flesh to pall our Viola.

Angels—

Weave, singing brothers, a
Velvet flesh for Viola!

III

The Father of Heaven—

Scoop, young Jesus, for her eyes,
Wood-browned pools of Paradise—
Young Jesus, for the eyes,
For the eyes of Viola.

Angels—

Tint, Prince Jesus, a
Duskèd eye for Viola!

IV

The Father of Heaven—

Cast a star therein to drown,
Like a torch in cavern brown,
Sink a burning star to drown
Whelmed in eyes of Viola.

Angels—

Lave, Prince Jesus, a
Star in eyes of Viola!

V

The Father of Heaven—

Breathe, Lord Paraclete,
To a bubbled crystal meet—
Breathe, Lord Paraclete—
Crystal soul for Viola.

Angels—

Breathe, Regal Spirit, a
Flashing soul for Viola!

VI

The Father of Heaven—

Child-angels, from your wings
Fall the roseal hoverings,
Child-angels, from your wings,
On the cheeks of Viola.

Angels—

Linger, rosy reflex, a
Quenchless stain on Viola!

VII

All things being accomplished, saith the Father of Heaven—

Bear her down, and bearing, sing,
Bear her down on spyless wing,
Bear her down, and bearing, sing,
With a sound of Viola!

Angels—

Music as her name is, a
Sweet sound of Viola!

VIII

Wheeling angels, past espial,
Danced her down with sound of viol;
Wheeling angels, past espial,
Descanting on "Viola."

Angels—

Sing, in our footing, a
Lovely lilt of "Viola!"

IX

Baby smiled, mother wailed,
Earthward while the sweetling sailed;
Mother smiled, baby wailed,
When to earth came Viola.

And her elders shall say—

So soon have we taught you a
Way to weep, poor Viola!

X

Smile, sweet baby, smile,
For you will have weeping-while;
Native in your Heaven is smile,—
But your weeping, Viola?

Whence your smiles we know, but ah!
Whence your weeping, Viola?
Our first gift to you is a
Gift of tears, my Viola!

FRANCIS THOMPSON,
Poems

A CRADLE SONG

Baby, baby true,
Man, whate'er he do,
May deceive not you.

Smiles whose love is guile,
Worn a flattering while,
Win from you no smile.

One, the smile alone
Out of love's heart grown,
Ever wins your own.

Man, a dunce uncouth,
Errs in age and youth:
Babies know the truth.

A. C. SWINBURNE,
Cradle Songs

KING BABY

Very lovely is the confidence of childhood. We do well to speak of "King Baby," for the right, by which a little child shall rule, is a diviner, sweeter right and sanctity than ever was accorded to kings. It is the unalienable right, the royal prerogative, of every child to come into this world assured that its coming will set joybells of the heart a-ringing.

COULSON KERNAHAN,
A World Without a Child

SONG

Oh, baby, baby, baby dear,
We lie alone together here;
The snowy gown and cap and sheet
With lavender are fresh and sweet;
Through half-closed blinds the roses peer
To see and love you, baby dear.

We are so tired, we like to lie
Just doing nothing, you and I,
Within the darkened quiet room.
The sun sends dusk rays through the gloom,
Which is no gloom since you are here,
My little life, my baby dear!

Soft sleepy mouth so vaguely pressed
Against your new-made mother's breast;
Soft little hands in mine I fold,
Soft little feet I kiss and hold,
Round soft smooth head and tiny ear,
All mine, my own, my baby dear.

And he we love is far away,
But he will come some happy day;
You need but me, and I can rest
At peace, with you beside me pressed.
There are no questions, longings vain,
No murmuring, nor doubt, nor pain,
Only content and we are here,
My baby dear.

E. NESBIT,
Lays and Legends

TO MY DAUGHTER

Thou hast the colours of the spring,
The gold of kingcups triumphing,
The blue of wood-bells wild;

But winter-thoughts thy spirit fill,
And thou art wandering from us still,
Too young to be our child.

Yet have thy fleeting smiles confessed,
Thou dear and much-desirèd guest,
That home is near at last;
Long lost in high mysterious lands,
Close by our door thy spirit stands,
Its journey well-nigh past.

Oh, sweet bewildered soul, I watch
The fountains of thine eyes, to catch
New fancies bubbling there,
To feel our common light, and lose
The flush of strange ethereal hues
Too dim for us to share;

Fade, cold immortal lights, and make
This creature human for my sake,
Since I am nought but clay;
An angel is too fine a thing
To sit beside my chair and sing,
And cheer my passing day.

I smile, who could not smile, unless
The air of rapt unconsciousness
Passed with the fading hours;
I joy in every childish sign
That proves the stranger less divine
And much more meekly ours.

I smile, as one by night who sees,
Through mist of newly-budded trees,
The clear Orion set,
And knows that soon the dawn will fly
In fire across the riven sky,
And gild the woodlands wet.

EDMUND GOSSE,
In Russet and Silver

KISSING

Are there not many scientific wiseacres who say kissing is extremely bad for children and a most unhealthy practice? I wonder—supposing a child is absolutely and entirely healthy because it had never *once* been kissed, whether that miraculous health may not have been gained at the expense of its poor little heart! Would not an unkissed rigidly hygienic baby have a very cold little soul? Would it not miss the tenderness? And could it ever be loving and tender to any one itself if it had never been fondled and fussed over?

KATHARINE BURRILL,
The Little Foxes

A POTENTATE

Emperors are supposed to issue mandates, czars are considered autocratic, kings and princes are regarded as having power, but for an omnipotent uncombatable potentate commend me to

a beautiful, relative-worshipped baby who understands his privileges and is not averse to using them. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,
Children I Have Known

A WOOLLY LAMB

Thrice happy age when one can hug one's white woolly lamb to one's bibbed breast, kiss its pink bead eyes in irrational ecstasy, and manipulate the squeak in its foreground without desire to explore the cause thereof!

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN,
* *Children's Rights*

THE YOUNGEST

It is a very noticeable thing that, in fairy families, the youngest is always chief person, and usually becomes a prince or princess; and children remember this, and think it must be so among humans also, and that is why they are often made uneasy when they come upon their mother furtively putting new frills on the basinette. J. M. BARRIE,
The Little White Bird

FALLING ASLEEP

The time of falling asleep is a child's immemorial and incalculable hour. It is full of traditions, and beset by antique habits. The habit

* Published by Messrs Gay & Bird.

of prehistoric races has been cited as the only explanation of the fixity of some customs in mankind. But if the enquirers who appeal to that beginning remembered better their own infancy, they would seek no further. See the habits in falling to sleep which have children in their grasp. Try to overcome them in any child, and his own conviction of their high antiquity weakens your hand. ALICE MEYNELL,

The Children

THE SANDMAN

The rosy clouds float overhead,
The sun is going down;
And now the Sandman's gentle tread
Comes stealing through the town.
"White sand, white sand!" he softly cries,
And as he shakes his hand,
Straightway there lies on babies' eyes
His gift of shining sand.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes through the town.

From sunny beaches far away—
Yes, in another land—
He gathers up at break of day
His store of shining sand.
No tempests beat that shore remote,
No ships may sail that way;

His little boat alone may float
Within that lovely bay.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes through the town.

He smiles to see the eyelids close
Above the happy eyes;
And every child right well he knows,—
Oh, he is very wise!
But if, as he goes through the land,
A naughty baby cries,
His other hand takes dull, gray sand
To close the wakeful eyes.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close, when he goes through the town.

So when you hear the Sandman's song
Sound through the twilight sweet
Be sure you do not keep him long
A-waiting on the street.
Lie softly down, dear little head,
Rest quiet, busy hands,
Till, by your bed his good-night said,
He strews the shining sands.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes and brown,
As shuts the rose, the eyelids close, when he goes through the town.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

EUGENE FIELD

THE NURSERY PEOPLE

Pleasures of Meat, Drink, Clothes, etc., are forbidden those that know not how to use them; just as Nurses cry pah! when they see a Knife in a Child's Hand; they will never say anything to a Man.

JOHN SELDEN,
Table Talk

He [a child] is Nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurred note book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loth to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle.

JOHN EARLE,
A Child

"*In gregarious sports of skill or strength, the Boy trains*
"*himself to Co-operation, for war or peace, as governor or*
"*governed: the little Maid again, provident of her domestic*
"*destiny, takes with preference to Dolls.*" CARLYLE,
Sartor Resartus

PLAY

An unfailing source of "fun" is to be found in playing with children. I am very sorry for people who can only "play" in a stiff, unbending, "be-careful-not-to-break-anything-dear," way—it is so dull. No wonder the little foxes find us boring, and leave us out of their games if we "play" like that. Still, there is one mercy, none are ever too old to see the error of their ways, and learn to "play" in a proper spirit.

It is a very great compliment to be asked to play—to be invited to personate a dragon or a bear; of course you could never expect to be given leading parts like Red Indians or pirates —but even a bear takes a certain amount of histrionic talent.

Could you have the hard-heartedness to say, "Nonsense! run away, dear," if a small person implored you to come and be an elephant?

KATHARINE BURRILL,
The Little Foxes

MUD-PIES

Nowadays there are unhappy children who are "studied" all day long; whose plays are arranged for them always with a view to "development";

who may not even make mud-pies in decent seclusion, but must perforce and in gangs "shape something" out of grey indiarubber, and sit at a table to do it. What can they know, poor things, of the joys and terrors to be found in a dwarf-infested shrubbery, just at sunset, on a chill October day?

L. ALLEN HARKER,
A Romance of the Nursery

FRESH AIR

Everybody insists so strongly now on fresh air that it is hardly necessary to press its value. I have known children who since their birth have never slept with closed windows, and who probably largely on that account are models of health.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR, Archdeacon of London,
M.A.P., July 13, 1907

A WEIRD TOY

It was a weird toy. The parents wound it up, and it ran across the floor towards the child. There was something threatening in its gait, and something almost diabolical in its noisy gesticulations, so that the child shrank from it as it hastened drunkenly in her direction. It came close to one of her feet, and she could almost have shrieked with terror, but ere it reached her it fell over on its side in attempting the figure eight, and groaned out the last few moments of its brief life. The mother pounced upon it, and

having resuscitated it with a key, set it off to the father on the other side of the room. It suffered, however, from locomotor ataxy and failed to reach the father by many feet. It went wide to the right and staggered against the skirting. For a moment it hammered and kicked angrily at the board, and then fell down, buzzing like an entrapped bee. The parents laughed hysterically, but the child sat solemnly in the centre of her nursery floor, and did not even smile. Though she was glad that her parents were so happy, the ingenuity of the toy frightened her. She was too young as yet to understand how and why the thing moved and ran and shook its arms. For her there was an appalling reality in all its movements, and when the angry buzzing against the skirting board at length ceased she heaved a big sigh of relief.

R. H. BRETHERTON,
The Child Mind

TWO, AND ONE OVER

On the nursery floor
If your numbers are four,
Then you live in what Nanny calls clover;
It, however, may be
That you're no more than three,
And in that case you're two, and one over.

Then, if Fairyland erred,
So that you are the third,
You get left out of ev'rything, nearly;

Invitations to tea
Are but seldom for three,
As the others remind you severely.

If you go for a walk,
Then the other two talk,
And you're never expected to utter.
Who can walk in a row
When there's three of you? So
You're sent dodging about in the gutter.

But you have to yourself
All the books on the shelf,
With their stories so gloomy and tragic,
And you never can tire
Of the caves in the fire,
All glowing with glamour and magic.

And yours is the land
Where they all understand
That your pinafore hides a great hero;
Where no one detects,
Or so much as suspects,
That at home your fame stands below zero.

On the nursery floor,
When you're not one of four,
You can always get fairyland clover;
In the best fairy set,
You completely forget
That you are the one that is over.

EVELYN SHARP,
The Westminster Gazette, Jan. 2, 1904

THE CHERUB

I wish I had a cherub's face,
I wish my eyes were blue;
I wish the chancel held a place
For brown-eyed sisters, too.

Our nurs'ry sends out once a week
A choir-boy meek and mild;
His hands are clean, his hair is sleek,
He looks a charming child.

The congregation flutters when
He sings the solo part;
We hear the ladies—not the men—
Sigh "Bless his little heart!"

They call him "cherub," "*sweetest* boy,"
With which we can't agree;
We know by whom the baby's toy
Got put in nurse's tea.

The congregation has not been
Inside the cherub's home,
The congregation has not seen
His temper with the comb.

The cherub's eyes of limpid blue
Enchant the vicar's wife;
I'd like to make her look into
That cherub's private life.

The cherub makes us late for church,
He hides our hats and gloves;
To leave us gaily in the lurch
Is what that cherub loves.

For we have eyes of worldly brown,
That bring no pretty names;
At church we get the vicar's frown,
At home, the cherub's games.

EVELYN SHARP,
The Westminster Gazette, *Jan.* 23, 1904

A DOLLS' HOSPITAL

"None of my cases ever go wrong," he [the doll doctor] says, with a kindly smile and a twinkle in eyes looking over the top of spectacles; "we have plenty of operations here but never any heart failures after them." "You should see the little kiddies," he went on, more seriously, "the way they come in, with the tears in their eyes and broken dolls in their arms. They ask me quite touchingly if I can do anything, and 'Oh, please, doctor,' they say, 'do not hurt her.' Then there is a final hug and a parting scene as the doll is handed over to my tender care. Only the other day a tiny maiden came in. She had somehow broken one of the sides of her doll's face. It was only a cheap German doll, but she would not look at a new one. She actually

trembled as she handed the doll over the counter to me. Without thinking, I gave the remaining part of the head a crack to get rid of it before putting on the new head. You should have heard the child's shriek as the splinters flew. It was really pitiful, and it took all the mother's persuasion to induce her to look at the smiling new face and the head with its rippling ringlets."

"Love their dolls, kiddies! Why, bless you, hasn't the human heart always had idols! When were the first dolls invented? There always have been dolls. You could not imagine the way some little girls, and boys too, love their dolls."

The Daily Telegraph, April 4, 1908

DOLLIES

The doll-interest implies a deep mysterious sympathy. Children wish their dolls to share in their things, to be kissed when they are kissed, and so to come close to them in experience and feeling. Not only so, but they look for sympathy to their doll-companions, taking to them all their childish troubles.

. . . . . .

Not only in this lavishing of tenderness and of sympathy on the doll, but in the occasional discharge on it of a fit of anger, children show how near it comes to a human companion. The punishment of the doll is an important element in nursery-life.

It is apt to be carried out with formal solemnity and often with something of brutal emphasis. Yet tenderness being the strongest part of the doll-attachment, the little disciplinarians are apt to suffer afterwards for their cruelty, one little girl showing remorse after such a chastisement of her pet for several days.

JAMES SULLY, M.A., LL.D.,
Children's Ways

TOYS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM

Some few months ago the authorities of the British Museum decided to collect together their specimens of ancient toys. The work was accordingly done, and now the toys are to be seen grouped together in a large glass case in one of the Egyptian rooms. It is a small but wonderful collection, at once interesting and pathetic. Looking at it, one is most forcibly reminded of the perennial sameness of the children's playthings. These battered remnants of the nurseries of long ago may be very different from the gorgeous possessions of the modern child, yet their essence is the same. Here are the self-same jointed dolls, the identical tops, the rattles, the ornamented figures, the counters. To-day we elders play diabolo; yesterday it was ping-pong; to-morrow it may be hop-scotch. But whatever it be,

it will be something different. That which pleased but a year or two ago will not please now. The fancy of children is happily not so fickle. The jointed doll, the top, the rattle, have all come down in unbroken succession; but their favour has not grown dimmer because of their long lineage.

Judged by the specimens in the British Museum, the earliest instinct in toys was for dolls. These are not only of the stiff, immovable sort, but there are others that are jointed, and even one made of rags dating back to the second century. There is naturally a wide difference in appearance between modern Parisian beauties and these old, carved bone other-day favourites, but the class is the same. The early dolls are very small and more or less featureless, but they have at least endured; the dynasty of wax and sawdust is of a more ephemeral kind, whilst the dignity of having belonged to the second century puts to blush mere passing charms. Many of these toys have been found in the tombs of children; and there is a touch of pathos in the sight of a dismembered doll or battered rattle, poignantly expressing the taste and age of the child to whom it was once a treasure.

Golden lads and girls all must,
Like chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

EDITH L. ELIAS,
Chambers's Journal, May 1908

WHEN YOU'RE A GIRL

When you're a girl, and cannot change
(Which always seems to me so strange),
You do not lead a peaceful life,
But pass the days in storm and strife.

You never for a moment get
Your own way in the nursery, yet—
Whatever you may have to bear,
You must pretend you do not care.

Sometimes they take your doll away,
In spite of all the things you say;
They put it on the nursery shelf,
Too high for you to reach yourself;

Or else they hang it by a string,
And let it swing and swing and swing;
But though you love each flaxen hair,
You must pretend you do not care.

Sometimes they will not let you read,
And tease you very much indeed
Because you can't help feeling bad
When stories end all wrong and sad.

They make remarks if you are tall,
They call you dumpy if you're small;
Yet, though you feel it's most unfair,
You still pretend you do not care.

Then comes one black and dreary day
That takes your tyrants right away;
Before you, for a week, it looms,
Then empties all the top-floor rooms.

So you are left quite by yourself,
To put their toys upon the shelf;
And then—because there's no one there,
You *don't* pretend you do not care.

EVELYN SHARP,
Westminster Gazette, Oct. 14th, 1902

BEETLES

A family of little girls once took to making pets of beetles, which were kept in a doll's house, and regularly washed and put to bed. Washing did not agree with the beetles, which frequently died. Then they were buried with all possible care and respect, and memorials laid on their graves.

The Spectator

SUGAR PIGS

A child, unconscious little author of things told in this record, was taken lately to see a fellow author of somewhat different standing from her own, inasmuch as he is, among other things, a Saturday Reviewer. As he dwelt in a part of the South-west of the town unknown to her, she noted with interest the shops of the neighbourhood as

she went, for they might be those of the *fournisseurs* of her friend. "That is his bread shop, and that is his book shop. And that, mother," she said finally, with even heightened sympathy, pausing before a blooming *parterre* of confectionery hard by the abode of her man of letters, "that, I suppose, is where he buys his sugar pigs."

ALICE MEYNELL,
The Children.

"BOSH"

A little girl whose sensitiveness was barely enough to cause her to stop to choose between two words, was wont to bring a cup of tea to the writing-table of her mother, who had often feigned indignation at the weakness of what her Irish maid always called "the infusion." "I'm afraid it's bosh again, mother," said the child; and then, in a half-whisper, "Is bosh right, or wash, mother?" She was not told, and decided for herself, with doubts, for bosh. The afternoon cup left the kitchen an infusion, and reached the library "bosh" thenceforward.

ALICE MEYNELL,
The Children

FAT

No child in the past ever found the same replies as the girl of five whose father made that appeal to feeling which is doomed to a different, perverse, and unforeseen success. He was rather

tired with writing, and had a mind to snare some of the yet uncaptured flock of her sympathies. "Do you know, I have been working hard, darling? I work to buy things for you." "Do you work," she asked, "to buy the lovely puddin's?" Yes, even for these. The subject must have seemed to her to be worth pursuing. "And do you work to buy the fat? Because I don't like fat."

ALICE MEYNELL,
The Children

LONELY CHILDREN

I

The trees are dusty in the park,
The grass is hard and brown;
I'm glad I've got a Noah's ark,
But I'm sorry I'm in town.

A lot of little girls and boys
Are not so rich as me;
But oh! I'd give them all my toys
For shells beside the sea.

II

The flowers are happy in the garden,
For the bees are always there;
The clouds are happy up in heaven
With the angels in the air;
But little boy and little mouse
Are rather lonely in the house.

LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA,
Songs of Womanhood

NURSERY DISCIPLINE

Nursery discipline needs a good deal of looking into. Children are very patient, and baby-children are very loyal. When we think how difficult we find it to "put up" with little children for long at a time, we *must* recognise that it cannot be any easier for the nurses. Each nurse develops a sort of discipline of her own; many and many a one infuses little acts of cruelty into her idea of keeping the children in order; many others obtain their object by a system of spoiling and indulgence which answers moderately well while the children are quite little. Let us make up our minds to face this question.

ENNIS RICHMOND,
The Mind of a Child

THE NEW NURSE

When other children shut their eyes
The sick child coughs and weeps alone,
And Nanna, Nanna, Nanna, cries,
Because the nurse he loved is gone.
Between the coughing, with new hope,
Watches the door she will not ope.

Between the coughing listens keen
For feet upon the nursery stair.
The nursery hearth is bright and clean;
The walls have pictures rich and rare.
Alas, the little luckless wight,
Whose world has gone to pieces quite!

Alack, the dear remembered head,
  Black on its pillow through the year!
The terrible stranger wears instead
  Light hair. O Nanna, Nanna dear,
Where do you hide, through his alarms,
Your comfortable breast and arms?

Alone with her the long night through
  And ill—could anything be worse?
No goblin's grimmer in his view
  Than this cold, patient, stranger nurse.
But though he calls for Nanna still,
No Nanna comes nor ever will.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

A NICE NURSE

A nurse is very often a most sensible and charming person, and in that case her guardianship for a few years leaves nothing to be desired. She is extremely practical. When she hands her small charges over to me at the Zoological Gardens, she does not vaguely request me to take great care of them, but gives brief specific directions about each. "Miss Alice wants to go and paddle with the penguin in the pond; please don't let her. Master Jack always tries to shake hands with the chimpanzee; please stop him. Miss Kate says she wants to go into the cage and play with the cobra, because it looked at her so kindly last time she was here;

please hold her hand in the snake-house." The babes will tell you reassuringly that they were only "funning," but their nurse knows better. When she reads aloud she goes straight ahead through fairies, escapes, disappearances, wrecks, desert islands, philosophic reflections, and historical allusions, so that her small hearers can attach to each incident an explanation evolved from their own strange little minds, and so treble the wonders of the story. I liked the candour of a seven-year-old listener, who said to a too explanatory story-teller: "Oh, do go on! I can understand so much better when you don't explain." The confiding simple mind of this kindly soul is a very restful change from the drawing-room world.

. . . . . .

Do not all of us know such a person, with strong, steady face, and quiet, firm voice which seems to begin all sentences with "dearie," and arms which seem to be always round someone, and eyes which are magnets to draw all children to her side?

EDWARD H. COOPER,
The Twentieth Century Child

BEDTIME

'Tis bedtime; say your hymn, and bid "Good-night,"
"God bless Mamma, Papa, and dear ones all,"
Your half-shut eyes beneath your eyelids fall,
Another minute you will shut them quite.

Yes, I will carry you, put out the light,
And tuck you up, altho' you are so tall!
What will you give me, Sleepy One, and call
My wages, if I settle you all right?
I laid her golden curls upon my arm,
I drew her little feet within my hand,
Her rosy palms were joined in trustful bliss,
Her heart next mine beat gently, soft and warm;
She nestled to me, and, by Love's command,
Paid me my precious wages—"Baby's kiss."

FRANCIS, EARL OF ROSSLYN

LAST WORDS

Over a Little Bed at Night

Good-night, pretty sleepers of mine—
I never shall see you again:
Ah, never in shadow or shine;
Ah, never in dew or in rain.

In your small dreaming-dresses of white,
With the wild-bloom you gathered to-day
In your quiet shut hands, from the light
And the dark you will wander away.

Though no graves in the bee-haunted grass,
And no love in the beautiful sky,
Shall take you as yet, you will pass,
With this kiss, through these tear-drops.
Good-bye!

With less gold and more gloom in their hair,
When the buds near have faded to flowers,
Three faces may wake here as fair—
But older than yours are, by hours!

Good-night, then, lost darlings of mine—
I never shall see you again:
Ah, never in shadow or shine;
Ah, never in dew or in rain.

S. M. B. PIATT

A WAKE-UP SONG

Sun's up; wind's up! Wake up, dearies!
Leave your coverlets white and downy,
June's come into the world this morning.
Wake up, Golden Head! Wake up, Brownie!

Dew on the meadow grass, waves on the water,
Robins in the rowan tree, wondering about you!
Don't keep the buttercups so long waiting,
Don't keep the bobolinks singing without you.

Wake up, Golden Head! Wake up, Brownie!
Cat-bird wants you in the garden soon.
You and I, butterflies, bobolinks and clover,
We've a lot to do on the first of June.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

NAUGHTINESS

"*The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task, and there's an end on't: whereas, by exciting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundation of lasting mischief; you make brothers and sisters hate each other.*"

Dr JOHNSON,
Boswell's Life of Johnson

Severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting.

BACON,
Essays

Gentleness does more than violence.

LA FONTAINE,
Fables

[illegible]

The age of imagination is gone. That is [illegible] and unoriginal punishment men can recommend, and the glory of the nursery is extinguished for ever. Our real men can only be known by using all to danger.

G. K. Chesterton,
The Daily Mail, [illegible]

[illegible]

It is hard enough when we are grown up to find a little sympathy; but when one is only a child and the merest pebble of woe becomes a rock, it is hard, very hard, to bear.

And yet no one seems to be minded—no one quite understood, and perhaps no one ever is quite understood. But how all those little ones who are lonely, miserable, and naughty just because no one understands them.

M. E. Braddon, *Lovers Victory*,
The Little Lady

[illegible]

Mother never worried us with questions about rules as to so many parents. She told me the other day that it was Paul who had taught her this beautiful reticence—a reticence immensely appreciated by children. In early nursery days

NEW CLOTHES

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

impulse is strong and dominant are perhaps those who in later years make the good society actors. Yet if there is a measure of untruth in such pretty flatteries, one needs to be superhuman in order to condemn them harshly.

JAMES SULLY, M.A., LL.D.,
Children's Ways

DISOBEDIENCE

We say, and we say rightly, that our children—our own, or those in our care—should obey us because they love us; but we do not say, a thing which is equally true, that our children would obey us if they loved us.

ENNIS RICHMOND,
The Mind of a Child

BLUSHES

People blush, not when they find themselves in the prisoner's dock, but, rather, when they are in a tight corner; more often still when they believe themselves to be suspected of something of which they are entirely innocent. When you have to deal with a child, Alexa, and you accuse it of, or question it concerning, some little delinquency, don't, should it stammer and blush, leap to the conclusion that it is guilty. HUBERT BLAND,
Letters to a Daughter

JUSTICE

There are women who live in perfect puddles of maternal love, who yet seem incapable of justice; generous to a fault, perhaps, but seldom just.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN,
* *Children's Rights*

MISTAKES

We may, with the best intentions in the world, make a false step sometimes in our efforts to arrive at the true discipline of children, but if we ourselves are honest, humble, and earnest, our mistakes will only be steps to a higher and clearer view, and children are surprisingly and beautifully content to take their share of the suffering which follows our mistakes.

ENNIS RICHMOND,
The Mind of a Child

PUNISHMENT

The fact is that when you have put whipping aside, effective punishment can hardly be said to exist; the guardian is helpless before a resolute and reckless child of twelve or thirteen, and the child very soon knows it. To send a person of this sort to bed, and pull down the blinds and lock the door, may be a dire penalty for a heinous crime—if your moral authority happens to be sufficient to keep the person in bed. Otherwise

* Published by Messrs Gay & Bird.

the culprit gets up, dresses and gets out of the window if he is a boy, or makes up stories to herself and plays original games with the pillow and bolster for playmates if it is a girl.

. . . . . .

The absence of sugar in tea has a faint pleasing aroma of fashion about it which makes up for its nastiness; and, so long as you cannot force a small person to eat dry bread, its appearance on her plate is a punishment which simply means that she does not have sufficient food.

. . . . . .

In home life, I am inclined to repeat, the thorough-paced rebel cannot really be dealt with by any practical punishment. He or she starts the fight with odds of a hundred to one on him, and wins in a canter. Violent, continual, corporal punishment is an absolute impossibility as regards one's own children; and other punishments are either farcical, or liable to produce unpleasant comments among servants and neighbours.

. . . . . .

Love and patience are the last secret of child management, the innermost writing in the innermost adytum of nursery life—love, which can force a response at last from the chilliest little soul; humble patience which knows how to wait for the harvest.

EDWARD H. COOPER,
The Twentieth Century Child

FRIGHTENING THINGS

I have often thought that few people know what secrecy there is in the young, under terror. No matter how unreasonable the terror, so that it be terror.

CHARLES DICKENS,
Great Expectations

Parents do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling about for a friendly arm—the hoping for a familiar voice—when they wake screaming—and find none to soothe them—what a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves!

. . . . . .

It is not book, or picture, or the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give them a direction. Dear little T. H., who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition—who was never allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or hear of any distressing story—finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded ab extra, *in his own "thick coming fancies"; and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity.*

CHARLES LAMB,
Essays of Elia

THE UNKNOWN

The extent of suffering brought into child-life by the assaults of fear is hard to measure. Even the method of questioning young people about their fears, which is now in vogue, is not likely to bring us near a solution of this problem. And this for the good reason that children are never more reticent than when talking of their fears, and that by the time the fears are surmounted few can be trusted to give from memory an accurate report of them. One thing seems pretty clear, and the new questioning of children which is going on apace in America seems to bear it out, *viz.*, that, since it is the unknown which is the primary occasion of these childish fears, and since the unknown in childhood is almost everything, the possibilities of suffering from this source are great enough.

JAMES SULLY, M.A., LL.D.,
Children's Ways

THE DARK

No one who is not frightened in the dark can possibly know how hard it is for someone who is.

FRANCIS E. CROMPTON,
The Gentle Heritage

"THE DREADFUL STILLNESS"

To Una Kingston her [Doreen's] life and character were a sort of revelation; to the child who had been dragged up anyhow, forced from her very babyhood to mix with all sorts and conditions of men, and tossed out at the age of eleven to fight her way through public life as best she might, with only the axioms of a bad and unscrupulous woman like her cousin to guide her, the friendship of the Irish *prima donna* was just salvation. Unluckily, however, the long railway journeys, and the incessant round of concerts, told severely on the child's physical powers, and it went to Doreen's heart to see how grievous a strain the thoughtless public were allowing her to undergo. All she could do was to take the utmost care of the little violinist, to protect her from the plague of interviewers, to make her rest whenever it was practicable, and to help her to fight against those nervous terrors which generally trouble delicate children, blessed or cursed with the artistic temperament. Her own vivid remembrance of the nightly agonies she had endured after any specially exciting time during her youth gave her the clue to Una's air of weary exhaustion when she came down to breakfast; and, being convinced that the child must be spared as much as possible, she took the forlorn little violinist into her own bedroom, after which her nights

improved in a wonderful way, though even with company her terrors would sometimes overmaster her, and Doreen would be roused by a shivering little white figure who, with many apologies, would explain that she really could not endure the horrid feeling of sinking through the bed any longer, and would Doreen hold her and not let her die? At other times it would be a haunting fancy that the room was full of eyes,—eyes of every sort and size,—all staring their hardest at her; or, very frequently, a face which she had seen during the day would haunt her with an intolerable persistence. Doreen being one of those who understood,—being, moreover, a woman in whom the motherly instinct was supreme,—was never impatient with her.

"It makes me laugh," said Una once, "to hear the critics talk of the beautiful tenderness of your voice. What do they know about it? They have never heard it, as I have heard it, in the middle of the night in the dreadful stillness."

"Indeed," said Doreen smiling, "I think most women speak tenderly to a child in the night. 'Tis second nature to them."

"But no one ever spoke so tenderly as you do," said Una. "No one ever spoke as if I belonged to them."

EDNA LYALL,
Doreen

LITTLE SOLITARIES

Children are unconscious solitaries. Who, indeed, knows anything of their minds? They have troubles which nearly break their hearts, and they know terrors which some strong-souled ones will scarcely know even in death. They question things which you and I do not dare approach, and the little stories which they learn from their mothers on Sunday afternoons are frequently received with a scepticism as profound as it is unrealised. But speech is foreign to their use, and they remain dumb, or at least incoherent. For when expression has been learned the vision has fled.

S. MACNAUGHTON,
The Gift

GOD'S WRATH

Some of the more poignant of the sufferings which come to the sensitive child from saying what is false are those of fear, fear of those terrific penalties which religious teaching attaches to the lying tongue. It seems likely that childish devices for allaying their qualms when saying what is untrue are intended somehow to make things right with God, and so to avoid the dreaded chastisement. I am sure, too, that the subsequent remorse, especially at night, is very largely a dread of some awful manifestation of God's wrath.

JAMES SULLY, M.A., LL.D.,
Children's Ways

THE SICK WIND

Why is the Wind so ill to-night?
What makes the Wind complain?
In Bed I lie, and hear him sigh,
Outside the Window-pane.

Why is the Wind so sad to-night?
What makes his Cry so shrill?
He comes and goes, he sobs his Woes,
His Voice is never still.

All round the House, and round the House
He takes his weary Moan;
The night is cold, the Wind is old,—
A tired old Wind and lone.

He goes and comes with silent Feet,
He sobs amid the Rain:
Dear God be kind, to this sick Wind,
And make him well again!

HAMISH HENDRY,
Red Apple and Silver Bells

ANIMAL KINSFOLK

These shrinkings from animals are among the most capricious-looking of all childish fears. Many robust children with hardy nerves know little or nothing of them. Here, too, as in the case of new things generally, the painfulness of fear is opposed and may be overcome by the pleasure of watching and by the deeper pleasure of "making friends." Quite tiny children, on

first seeing ducks and other animals, so far from being alarmed, will run after the pretty creatures to make pets of them. Nothing perhaps is prettier in child-life than the pose and look of one of these defenceless youngsters when he is making a brave effort to get the better of his fear at the approach of a strange big dog and to proffer his friendship to the shaggy monster. The perfect love which lies at the bottom of children's hearts towards their animal kinsfolk soon casts out fear. And when once the reconciliation has been effected, it will take a good deal of harsh experience to make the child ever again entertain the thought of danger.

JAMES SULLY, M.A., LL.D.,
Children's Ways

A STRANGE GIRL

Maimie was always rather a strange girl, and it was at night that she was strange. She was four years of age, and in the daytime she was the ordinary kind. She was pleased when her brother Tony, who was a magnificent fellow of six, took notice of her, and she looked up to him in the right way, and tried in vain to imitate him, and was flattered rather than annoyed when he shoved her about. Also, when she was batting, she would pause though the ball was in the air, to point out to you that she was wearing new shoes. She was quite the ordinary kind in the daytime.

But as the shades of night fell, Tony, the

swaggerer, lost his contempt for Maimie and eyed her fearfully; and no wonder, for with dark there came into her face a look that I can describe only as a leary look. It was also a serene look that contrasted grandly with Tony's uneasy glances. Then he would make her presents of his favourite toys (which he always took away from her next morning), and she accepted them with a disturbing smile. The reason he was now become so wheedling and she so mysterious was (in brief) that they knew they were about to be sent to bed. It was then that Maimie was terrible. Tony entreated her not to do it to-night, and the mother and their coloured nurse threatened her, but Maimie merely smiled her agitating smile. And by-and-by when they were alone with their night-light she would start up in bed crying "'Hsh! what was that?" Tony beseeches her, "It was nothing—don't, Maimie, don't!" and pulls the sheet over his head. "It is coming nearer!" she cries. "Oh, look at it, Tony! It is feeling your bed with its horns—it is boring for you, O Tony, oh!" and she desists not until he rushes downstairs in his combinations, screeching. When they came up to whip Maimie they usually found her sleeping tranquilly—not shamming, you know, but really sleeping, and looking like the sweetest little angel, which seems to me to make it almost worse.

J. M. Barrie,
The Little White Bird

LITTLE GIRLS

Old creeping time, with silent tread,
Has stol'n four years o'er Molly's head;
The rosebud opens on her cheek,
The meaning eyes begin to speak;
And in each smiling look is seen
The innocence which plays within.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD,
On the Birthday of a Young Lady

Thy smiles, thy talk, thy aimless plays,
So beautiful approve thee,
So winning light in all thy ways,
I cannot choose but love thee.
Thy balmy breath upon my brow
Is like the summer air,
And o'er my cheek thou leanest now,
To plant a soft kiss there.

Thy steps are dancing toward the bound
Between the child and woman,
And thoughts and feelings more profound,
And other years are coming.
And thou shalt be more deeply fair,
More precious to the heart,
But never can'st thou be again
The lovely thing thou art.

SIDNEY WALKER,
To a Girl in her Thirteenth Year

THE BEDOUIN CHILD

[*Among the Bedouins a father in enumerating his children never counts his daughters, for a daughter is considered a disgrace.*]

Ilyàs the prophet, lingering 'neath the moon,
Heard from a tent a child's heart-withering wail,
Mixt with the message of the nightingale,
And, entering, found, sunk in mysterious swoon,
A little maiden dreaming there alone.
She babbled of her father sitting pale
'Neath wings of Death—'mid sights of sorrow and bale,
And pleaded for his life in piteous tone.

"Poor child, plead on," the succouring prophet saith,
While she, with eager lips, like one who tries
To kiss a dream, stretches her arms and cries
To Heaven for help—"Plead on: such pure love-breath,
Reaching the Throne, might stay the wings of Death
That, in the Desert, fan thy father's eyes."

The drouth-slain camels lie on every hand ;
Seven sons await the morning vulture's claws;
'Mid empty water-skins and camel-maws
The father sits, the last of all the band.
He mutters, drowsing o'er the moonlit sand,
"Sleep fans my brow: sleep makes us all pashas ;
Or, if the wings are Death's, why Azraeel draws
A childless father from an empty land."

"Nay," saith a voice, "the wind of Azraeel's wings
A child's sweet breath has stilled: so God decrees":—
A camel's bell comes tinkling on the breeze,
Filling the Bedouin's brain with bubble of springs
And scent of flowers and shadow of wavering trees,
Where, from a tent, a little maiden sings.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON,
Aylwin

AN ARTIST'S MODEL

Scene : A Studio in Rome

There, in the city old with stately story,
She sat, poor little maid, and dreamed and dozed ;
And a pale artist, bent on winning glory,
Wrought out her likeness while she sleeping "posed."

He thought of far-off walls all hung with pictures,
And of his own among them, "on the line";
Of pretty women's praise, and critics' strictures;
While she, in dreams, had found an old lone pine,

Above a stone hut in the Alban Mountains,
Where southern winds made music all the day;
Where the near hills were gay with silver fountains,
And young eyes watched the leaping waters play.

He blessed his stars, her unexpected slumber
Had made his picture ready to his hand;
While she—quick-footed dreams no man could number
Had led her on, through the fair summer-land,

To where Filippo, her child-lover, waited
For her, his child-love, all the shining day;
Since babes and birds in that soft clime are mated
Before the spring has melted into May.

The sun was low when, all her beauty painted,
The artist saw, on canvas, as in life,
The simple, childish face, so unacquainted
With care, or sorrow, or the great world's strife.

No matter what some future time might prove her,
She could not be more lovely than to-day;
The very suns and winds of heaven must love her!
She woke. He gently sent her on her way.

Outside, in the low sun, the Trevi Fountain
Sparkled, and danced, and bubbled into foam;
And like it, strayed from his own distant mountain,
Beside it was Filippo, there in Rome!

A little childish cry of sudden rapture,
As the girl saw him waiting for her there!
If Age from Youth one such delight could capture,
Then Age were blessed beneath his silver hair.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
In Childhood's Country

"LITTLE HARES"

Blue bells, on blue hills, where the sky is blue,
Here's a little blue-gowned maid come to look at you;
Here's a little child would fain, at the vesper time,
Catch the music of your hearts, hear the harebells chime,
"Little hares, little hares," softly prayeth she,
"Come, come across the hills, and ring the bells for me."

EMILY M. P. HICKEY,
Harebells

A MERE CHILD

Just a mere child with sudden ebullitions,
Flashes of fun, and little bursts of song,

Petulant pains, and fleeting pale contritions,
Mute little moods of misery and wrong;
Only a child, of Nature's rarest making,
Wistful and sweet,—and with a heart for breaking!

AUSTIN DOBSON,
The Story of Rosina

TO IRIS

If I might build a palace, fair
With every joy of soul and sense,
And set my heart as sentry there
To guard your happy innocence—
If I might plant a hedge so strong
No creeping sorrow could writhe through,
And find my whole life not too long
To give, to make your hedge for you—

If I could teach the wandering air
To bring no sounds that were not sweet,
Could teach the earth that only fair
Untrodden flowers deserved your feet:
Would I not tear the secret scroll
Where all your griefs lie closely curled,
And give your little hand control
Of all the joys of all the world?

But, ah! I have no skill to raise
The palace, teach the hedge to grow;
The common airs blow through your days,
By common ways your dear feet go.

And you must twine of common flowers
The wreath that happy women wear,
And bear in desolate darkest hours
The common griefs that all men bear.

The pinions of my love I fold
Your little shoulders close about:
Ah—could my love keep out the cold
And shut the creeping sorrows out!
Rough paths will tire your darling feet,
Gray skies will weep your tears above,
While round you still, in torment, beat
The impotent wings of mother-love.

E. NESBIT,
The Rainbow and the Rose

TO A CHILD (ROSAMUND)

The fairies have been busy while you slept;
They have been laughing where the sad rain wept,
They have taught Beauty to the ignorant flowers,
Set tasks of hope to weary wind-torn bowers,
And heard the lessons learned in schoolrooms cold
By seedling snapdragon and marigold.
At dawn, while still you slept, I grew aware
How good the fairies are, how many and fair.

The fairy whose delightful gown is red
Across the corner of our garden sped,
And where her flying raiment fluttered past,
Its roseate reflection still is cast;

Red poppies by the rhododendron's side,
Pæonies, gorgeous in their summer pride,
And red may-bushes by the old red wall
Shower down their crimson petals over all.

Then she whose gown is gold, and gold her hair,
Swept down the golden steep straight sunbeam-stair,
She lit the tulip-lamps, she lit the torch
Of hollyhock beside the cottage porch.
She dressed the honeysuckle in fringe of gold,
She gave the king-cups fairy wealth to hold,
She kissed St John's wort till it opened wide,
She set the yarrow by the river's side.

Then came the lady all whose robes are white :
She made the pale buds blossom in delight,
Set silver stars upon the jasmine's hair,
And gave the stream white lily-buds to wear.
She painted lilies white, and pearl-white phlox,
White poppies, passion-flowers, and gray-leaved stocks.
Her pure kind touch redeemed the most forlorn,
And even the vile petunia smiled, new-born.

The dearest fairy of all—green is her gown—
She kissed the plane trees in the tiresome town,
She smoothed the pastures and the lawn's pale sheen,
She decked the boughs with hangings fresh and green,

She showed each flower the one and only way
Its beauty of shape and colour to display;
She taught the world to be a Paradise
Of changing leaf and blade for tired eyes.

Then, one and all, they came where you were laid
In your strait bed, my little lovely maid;
The red-robed fairy kissed your lips, your face,
The white-robed made your heart her dwelling-place.
Into your eyes the green-robed fairy smiled;
The golden fairy touched your dreams, dear child,
The one, not named, but mightiest, made my Dear
The innermost rose of the re-flowerèd year.

May, 1898. E. NESBIT,
The Rainbow and the Rose

A LITTLE CREATURE

. . . . the Child
One of those bright bewitching little creatures,
Who, if she once but shyly looked and smiled,
Would soften out the ruggedest of features;
Fragile and slight,—a very fay for size,—
With pale town-cheeks, and "clear germander eyes."

Nurses, no doubt, might name her "somewhat wild";
And pedants, possibly, pronounce her "slow";

Or corset-makers add, that for a child,
She needed "cultivation";—all I know
Is that when'er she spoke, or laughed, or romped, you
Felt in each act the beauty of impromptu.

AUSTIN DOBSON,
A Tale of Polypheme

A LITTLE MAIDEN

Oh, little maiden, fair or brown!
Thine is the simple beauty which doth crown
The dreams of happy fathers, who have passed
By Love and Passion, and have come
To know pure joys of home.

Sir LEWIS MORRIS,
Girlhood

"SWEETHEART"

My Sweetheart is sweet. Also she is my heart of hearts. To look into her eyes is to break a hole in the clouds and see into heaven, and the sunshine lies asleep upon her hair. As men and women, care-weighted with the world, look upon her, you can see the smiles break over their faces. Yet am I not jealous when my Sweetheart smiles back at them. For my Sweetheart is but four years old, and does not know that there is a shadow on all God's world. To spend a day with her in the open air is to get a glimpse into

a sinless paradise. For there is no Eden anywhere like a little child's soul. One Jesus, a wayfarer, thought so also, for He said that with such is peopled the kingdom of heaven.

S. R. Crockett,
Sweeetheart Travellers

"LITTLE BLUE-RIBBONS"

"Little Blue-Ribbons!" We call her that
From the ribbons she wears in her favourite hat;
For may not a person be only five,
And yet have the neatest of taste alive?—
As a matter of fact, this one has views
Of the strictest sort as to frocks and shoes;
And we never object to a sash or bow,
When "little Blue-Ribbons" prefers it so.

"Little Blue-Ribbons" has eyes of blue,
And an arch little mouth, when the teeth peep through;
And her primitive look is wise and grave,
With a sense of the weight of the word "behave";
Though now and again she may condescend
To a radiant smile for a private friend;
But to smile for ever is weak, you know,
And "little Blue-Ribbons" regards it so.

She's a staid little woman! and so as well
Is her ladyship's doll, "Miss Bonnibelle";
But I think what at present the most takes up
The thoughts of her heart is her last new cup;

For the object thereon,—be it understood,—
Is the "Robin that buried the 'Babes in the Wood'"—
It is not in the least like a robin, though,
But "little Blue-Ribbons" declares it so.

"Little Blue-Ribbons" believes, I think,
That the rain comes down for the birds to drink;
Moreover, she holds, in a cab you'd get
To the spot where the suns of yesterday set;
And I know that she fully expects to meet
With a lion or wolf in Regent Street!
We may smile, and deny as we like—But, no;
For "little Blue-Ribbons!" still dreams it so.

Dear "little Blue-Ribbons!" She tells us all
That she never intends to be "great" and "tall";
(For how could she ever contrive to sit
In her "own, own chair," if she grew one bit!)
And, further, she says, she intends to stay
In her "darling home" till she gets "quite gray";
Alas! we are gray; and we doubt, you know,
But "little Blue-Ribbons" will have it so!

AUSTIN DOBSON,
At the Sign of the Lyre

DEAR LITTLE HAND

Dear little hand that clasps my own,
Embrowned with toil and seamed with strife;
Pink little fingers not yet grown
To the poor strength of after-life,—
Dear little hand!

Dear little eyes which smile on mine
With the first peep of morning light;
Now April-wet with tears, or fine
With dews of pity, or laughing bright.
Dear little eyes!

Dear little voice, whose broken speech
All eloquent utterance can transcend;
Sweet childish wisdom strong to reach
A holier deep than love or friend:
Dear little voice!

Dear little life! My care to keep
From every spot and stain of sin;
Sweet soul foredoomed, for joy or pain,
To struggle and—which? to fail or win?
Dread mystical life!

Sir LEWIS MORRIS,
Songs of Two Worlds

TO MARJORIE

With the "Lays of Ancient Rome"

To you, a poetess yourself,
A proper claim belongs
To treasure on your schoolroom shelf
This book of classic songs.

For had you lived in days of old
You would have joined the fray,
And on the bridge have helped to hold
Lars Porsena at bay.

Indeed I seem to see in you,
Child of our peaceful time,

Sparks of the fire that glitter through
These glories told in rhyme.

Oh, may no coming Christmas dull
The flame that in you glows!
Fancies are for the fanciful,
Though all the rest be prose.

And when the iron facts of life
Are hard to understand,
May you find solace after strife
In some enchanted land!

For recollect that only they
Shall see the fairies dance
Who swing, to light them on their way,
The lanthorn of romance.

ALFRED COCHRANE

POLLY

She's dainty and trim
And straight and slim
In her winter frock.
Like a wind-touched field of grain
Her shimmering rippling mane
With many a wanton lock
Spreads
From her head's
Rounded crown
All the way down,
Past the nape of her lily neck,
With never a check,

Till close to her waist it makes a stay,
And breaks like a wave in a golden spray.

She knows no fear,
And her eyes are clear,
Her grey-blue eyes
With their look of surprise.
And she talks
As she walks
Just about dolls and Queens and Kings,
And birds and dogs and delightful things,
Things that are kind and must be true,
That were done, she fancies, by me or you.
And oh just hear how her laughter rings
With shout upon shout,
When the old brown dog who has seen her pass
Comes hobble-de-hobble across the grass,
Or rolls about
In his funny ungainly spaniel style,
And then gets up with a broad dog-smile,
And stops and pants, for he's rather fat,
Till he gets from her hand his prize, a pat.

She's wise,
And she tries
To help in the house and everywhere.
If something's got to be done,
Shaking her hair,
Till it streams in the air,
You should see her run

With an overmastering zeal
That you'd think she could hardly feel,
For the tale of her years is only seven
Since she came, a promise of joy, from Heaven.

Prattle,
Rattle
And tittle-tattle,
Chatter,
Patter,
As mad as a hatter,
That is the way it goes;
And, oh! you'd never suppose
That little Miss Innocence giving you thanks
For a toy,
Or a joy,
With demureness written all over her face,
And never a hint of pranks,
Could shake off manners and put in their place
Mischief, merriment, romps, and tricks,
Scampers, tumbles, and trips, and kicks,
And all in a moment's space.

But at last when the day
Is done and all her play
Has been played,
With her eyes still shining bright
Up she gets and, stepping light,
Marches off to face the night.
Who's afraid?

R. C. LEHMANN,
Punch, Jan. 2nd, 1907

MOLLY

In the corner of her eye—
And it's brown as brown can be—
There's a flash you might call sly,
But it's really too demure
In its lure,
And too frank and too free.

She's as plump
And jolly a lump
Of dancing fun
As ever scurried about
With a laugh and a shout
Under the sun.

Tumbles? What does a tumble matter?
Down she goes with a crash and a clatter;
She has scraped her hand; she has barked her shin;
She has lost a lot of her precious skin;
But she's up in a moment and off again,
With something more than a hint of rain
In the dark eyes brimming to ease her pain.

There's a touch of the South
In her laughing mouth,
And the rich, deep flush of her rounded cheek,
And her hair with its tresses fine and sleek
That she flings about, with her tossing head
Set off and bound with the ribbon's red.

Books, books, books, and the longer the better,
She swallows them steadily letter by letter,
Line by line and chapter by chapter:
Never was reader more solid or apter
To win your praise for her scholarly merit,
Or to learn a piece and to say it well
With a voice that sounds like a silver bell;
But her sums are woe, for she doesn't inherit
A taste for the multiplication table,
And hasn't acquired it, and doesn't seem able
To face a collision
With long division:
Figures are things you'll fail to fix
In the busy brain of this girl of six.

And when you stow her away in bed
She often stands on her impish head,
Or slides to the floor till you send her back
With a great pretence at a sounding smack.
Out with the light!
Good-night, good-night!
One last hug—and she holds you tight—
Good-night, Molly, good-night, good-night!

R. C. LEHMANN,
Punch, *May 1st*, 1907

SOMEBODY'S CHILD

Just a picture of somebody's child—
Sweet face set in its golden hair,
Violet eyes, and cheeks of rose,
Rounded chin with a dimple there;

Tender eyes where the shadows sleep,
Lit from within by a secret ray;
Tender eyes that will shine like stars
When love and womanhood come this way;

Scarlet lips with a story to tell—
Blessed be he who shall find it out,
Who shall learn the eyes' deep secret well,
And read the heart with never a doubt!

Then you will tremble, scarlet lips;
Then you will crimson, loveliest cheeks;
Eyes will brighten and blushes will burn
When the one true lover bends and speaks.

But she's only a child now, as you see,
Only a child in her careless grace;
When love and womanhood come this way
Will anything sadden the flower-like face?

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
Swallow-flights

A LITTLE GIRL

If no one ever marries me—
And I don't see why they should,
For nurse says I am not pretty
And I'm seldom very good—

If no one ever marries me
I shan't mind very much;
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage,
And a little rabbit-hutch;

I shall have a cottage near a wood,
And a pony all my own,
And a little lamb, quite clean and tame,
That I can take to town ;

And when I'm getting really old,
At twenty-eight or nine—
I shall buy a little orphan girl
And bring her up as mine.

LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA,
Realms of Unknown Kings

BOYS

Good little boys should never say
"I will," and "Give me these";
O, no! that never is the way,
But "Mother, if you please."

And "If you please," to Sister Ann
Good boys to say are ready;
And "Yes, sir," to a Gentleman,
And "Yes, ma'am," to a Lady.

ELIZABETH TURNER

Few boys are born with talents that excel,
But all are capable of living well.

WILLIAM COWPER,
Tirocinium

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?

BYRON,
Childe Harold

THE DESIRE

Give me no mansions ivory white
Nor palaces of pearl and gold ;
Give me a child for all delight,
Just four years old.

Give me no wings of rosy shine
Nor snowy raiment, fold on fold,
Give me a little boy all mine,
Just four years old.

Give me no gold and starry crown
Nor harps, nor palm branches unrolled ;
Give me a nestling head of brown,
Just four years old.

Give me a cheek that's like the peach,
Two arms to clasp me from the cold ;
And all my heaven's within my reach,
Just four years old.

Dear God, You give me from Your skies
A little paradise to hold,
As Mary once her Paradise,
Just four years old.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

THE MEETING

As I went up and he came down, my little six-year boy,
Upon the stairs we met and kissed, I and my tender Joy.

O fond and true, as lovers do, we kissed and clasped and parted;
And I went up and he went down, refreshed and happy-hearted.

What need was there for any words, his face against my face?
And in the silence heart to heart spoke for a little space
Of tender things and thoughts on wings and secrets none discovers;
And I went up and he went down, a pair of happy lovers.

His clinging arms about my neck, what need was there for words?
O little heart that beat so fast like any fluttering bird's!
"I love," his silence said; "I love," my silence answered duly;
And I went up and he went down comforted wonderfully.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

BOYHOOD

Fair budding age,
Which next upon life's stage
Passest a fairy dream before the eyes,
High health and bounding limb,
Eager, and stretching towards the wished-for prize;

Whate'er the passing care that takes thy thought,
I catch the sweet brisk scent of trodden grass
When through the golden afternoon
Of a long day in June,
Until the twilight dim,
The playfield echoes with the joyous noise
Of troops of agile boys.

. . . . . .

Where'er thou art, oh boyhood, thou art free
And fresh as the young breeze in summer born
On sun-kissed hills or on the laughing sea,
Or gay bird-music breathing of the morn,
Or some sweet rose-bud pearled with early dew.
As brief and fair as you.

Sir Lewis Morris,
Boyhood

HOMESICKNESS

A boy writes from his first boarding school: "Whenever I can't stop laughing, I have only to think of home."

Alice Meynell,
The Children

LETTERS

In Ricky's home times had been particularly dull since the day when Ricky, and Ricky's boxes, and Ricky's yell, had been transported to a preparatory school in the country.

Of course, there were Ricky's letters. These, however, had their limitations. Indeed, the

address, date, and signature being subtracted, very little remained to satisfy the aching void that he has left behind him in the nursery. It was something to know, no doubt, that the boys were "all right," that "kricket" was also all right, though lessons were "beestly," and that a "dreadful axident" had happened to his tooth-brush, which he had "brokken, making lemmon-ade." But one craved for more. That is the worst of letters. Except for the spelling, which may, as in Ricky's case, be distinctive, there is nothing to show that they come from one person more than another. Still, Ricky's letters seemed to be good enough for Ricky's home. EVELYN SHARP,
Lessons

HAMPERS

To learn the news that a hamper is awaiting one in the hall is a supreme school joy: for one moment it can render the heaviest imposition null and void.

. . . . . .

The Stores-supplied hamper is, I take it, designed to meet the requirements of the bachelor uncle who has no kitchen where he may prepare one. It therefore has notable uses. But the hamper, as most boys understand it, is a home-made blessing. More than one friendly intellect has contributed to its plenishing. The maternal mind is, of course, the fount and origin of good,

but cook has had her say too. Cook knows Master Tom's tastes as well as anyone, perhaps better. Cook has memories . . . . hence the cold plum-pudding. And at hamper-time a certain reason for the existence of sisters becomes evident: they can make toffee. The "1 Bottle sweets" is unknown to home-made hampers, but a bottle of raspberry vinegar has sometimes found its way therein. I have also a recollection of doughnuts. Quince jam was of old a stimulating surprise. But the crowning triumph of any hamper is, of course, the cake. That is the nucleus; all else is accessory.

E. V. Lucas,
Fireside and Sunshine

PETS

It is always a matter of wonder to me how every boy, myself included, combines within himself an intense desire to kill, and an equally intense desire to pet and make friends with, animals and living creatures generally. Show a boy a lot of birds, on a day dumb and dead with snow and frost, scrambling for crumbs on a patch which has been swept green for them, and obviously so starved that they have forgotten to be wary, and the odds are anything you like he says—

"Where's my catapult?"

But give him the same birds in an aviary, and he is never quite happy until he has made them

so tame that they all mob him, sitting on his shoulders and head, and all over him whenever he comes to feed them. And the same holds equally good with rats, and rabbits, and badgers, and weasels, and such small deer. He will keep a tame rat in his pocket, and squeal with delight if he can make it eat out of the same plate with him; but put it in the open, and give him a stick, and there is very little chance that the rat will ever enter his pocket except as a corpse. He will brave the surliest of gardeners, and trample down a whole carrot bed to feed his tame rabbits; but give him a gun, a ferret, and a net, or a wire, and he will denude the country of rabbits if he possibly can, and he generally can. I often wonder that Australia, when overwhelmed by rabbits, did not import boys instead of weasels; she would have done the business more thoroughly, and have found it cheaper in the end, I think. I have no doubt it is a curious relic of our animal nature.

G. M. A. HEWETT,
The Open-Air Boy

A BOY

He is not "merry." Merry boys have pretty manners, and this boy would not have you to call his manners pretty. But if not merry, he is happy; there never was a more untroubled soul. If he has an almost grotesque reticence, he has no secrets. Nothing that he thinks is very much

hidden. Even if he did not push his father, it would be evident that the boy loves him; even if he never laid his hand (and this little thing he does rarely) on his friend's shoulder, it would be plain that he loves his friend. His happiness appears in his moody and charming face, his ambition in his dumbness, and the hopes of his future in ungainly bearing. How does so much heart, how does so much sweetness, all unexpressed, appear? For it is not only those who know him well that know the child's heart; strangers are aware of it. This, which he would not reveal, is the only thing that is quite unmistakable and quite conspicuous. What he thinks that he turns visibly to the world is a sense of humour, with a measure of criticism and indifference. What he thinks the world may divine in him is courage and an intelligence. But carry himself how he will, he is manifestly a tender, gentle, and even spiritual creature, masculine and innocent—"a nice boy." There is no other way of describing him than that of his own brief language.

ALICE MEYNELL,
The Children

"AN ANXIETY"

Boys are an anxiety!

When they are babies they have convulsions, and when they grow up they tear their clothes. Even when their collars have gone up much higher

than is comfortable for their chins, and their voices down—into their boots almost—they are an anxiety still!

DOROTHEA MOORE,
Knights of the Red Cross

"TEENS"

Once you get into those treacherous teens, you are grown up before you know where you are.

Sometimes it happens this way: One holidays your eldest brother returns from school as usual, and next morning, instead of coming to sit on the end of your bed to rux and gossip when you both ought to be getting up, he remains chillingly aloof in his own room with locked doors. And presently it appears that he is actually possessed of razors (not to cut useful things like magazines or string: he only cuts *himself* when he arrives at that stage!), with which he shaves solemnly every morning, not because he likes it, poor chap, but because if he didn't he would look "a frowsty freak."

L. ALLEN HARKER,
* *Concerning Paul and Fiametta*

* By permission of Mr Edwin Arnold.

GROWN-UPS

Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remembered that he once was young.

J. ARMSTRONG,
Art of Preserving Health

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time; but that happeneth rarely. Generally, youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second: for there is a youth in thoughts, as well as in ages; and yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old, and imaginations stream into their minds better, and, as it were, more divinely.

FRANCIS BACON,
On Youth and Age

Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short.

Sixteenth Century Song

When she was a girl (forty summers ago)
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
Aunt Tabitha

A WORD OF WARNING

I love my mother more than words
  Can tell, also my father;
I love my uncle, and his friends,
  But still I wonder rather

Why God compels us to be old
  Before we're tired of playing:
To sit in chairs, and talk, and still
  Say nothing worth the saying.

But I suppose He made the world,
  And put young children in it,
To pick His flowers, climb trees, and play;
  And then He saw, next minute,

There must be people tales to tell
  To children, and to feed them,
To build them houses and to find
  Warm clothes, if they should need them.

So, children, come and play with me:
  You soon will be grown older;
And every day is as a night
  That hourly groweth colder.

And you, who once were children too,
Be careful what you're saying,
Lest ever you should chance to speak
A word to stop our playing.

H. D. Lowry,
Make Believe

A TENDER CONSCIENCE

Kitty was not vain, be it said, that she saw so much of herself in the world, but she had a conscience which a saint might have envied. At seven, too, one has yet to learn that wickedness is not confined to children. She was slow to lose her childish beliefs, and one of these beliefs was that one grew out of wickedness, so that at last one, when he broke anything, need not cry, but only say, "Good gracious! however did that happen? There must have been a flaw somewhere," and smile contentedly and proudly at the owner of the article which had been broken. When a person was able to do that, Kitty, all conscience, considered him beyond sin, and, as most of the grown-ups of her acquaintance had gone through the test of doing damage without tears of remorse, Kitty, the only child in her home, thought herself the only sinner, and in every trouble that came to her immediate world saw herself reflected, the imp of mischief.

R. H. Bretherton,
The Child Mind

"DEARS" AND "DEAFS"

The children looked upon "Nannas" and their like as necessary evils. They divided mankind into two classes, which they called respectively "the dears" and "the deafs." To the "dears" belonged father and mother, all father's friends, and most of mother's; Gaffer and all Gaffer's servants; orderlies—particularly orderlies—and grooms. To the "deafs" belonged nurses, governesses, cross gardeners, and a great many young ladies who wore smart frocks and were affectionate in public. These latter were called "deafs," not because of any defect in their aural arrangements, but simply because the children considered them incapable of discussing anything interesting. "Stupid people!" Kit was wont to observe, "who ask you how old you are, and who fetch stale cake out of tin boxes, and one's got to eat it for politeness' sake. Oh, I hate deafs!"

L. Allen Harker,
Wee Folk: Good Folk

AUNTS AND UNCLES

Looking back to those days of old, ere the gate shut to behind me, I can see now that to children with a proper equipment of parents these things would have worn a different aspect. But to those whose nearest were aunts and uncles, a special attitude of mind may be allowed. They treated

us, indeed, with kindness enough as to the needs of the flesh, but after that with indifference (an indifference, as I recognise, the result of a certain stupidity), and therewith the commonplace conviction that your child is merely animal. At a very early age I remember realising in a quite impersonal and kindly way the existence of that stupidity, and its tremendous influence in the world; while there grew up in me, as in the parallel case of Caliban upon Setebos, a vague sense of a ruling power, wilful and freakish, and prone to the practice of vagaries—"just choosing so"; as, for instance, the giving of authority over us to these hopeless and incapable creatures, when it might far more reasonably have been given to ourselves over them. These elders, our betters by a trick of chance, commanded no respect, but only a certain blend of envy—of their good luck—and pity—for their inability to make use of it. Indeed, it was one of the most hopeless features in their character (when we troubled ourselves to waste a thought on them: which wasn't often) that, having absolute licence to indulge in the pleasures of life, they could get no good of it. They might dabble in the pond all day, hunt the chickens, climb trees in the most uncompromising Sunday clothes; they were free to issue forth and buy gunpowder in the full eye of the sun—free to fire cannons and explode mines on the lawn: yet they never did any of these

things. No irresistible Energy haled them to church o' Sundays ; yet they went there regularly of their own accord, though they betrayed no greater delight in the experience than ourselves.

KENNETH GRAHAME,
The Golden Age

"OLYMPIANS"

Among the many fatuous ideas that possessed the Olympian noddle, this one was pre-eminent: that, being Olympians, they could talk quite freely in our presence on subjects of the closest import to us, so long as names, dates, and other landmarks were ignored. We were supposed to be denied the faculty for putting two and two together; and like the monkeys, who very sensibly refrain from speech lest they should be set to earn their livings, we were careful to conceal our capabilities for a simple syllogism. Thus we were rarely taken by surprise, and so were considered by our disappointed elders to be apathetic and to lack the divine capacity for wonder.

KENNETH GRAHAME,
The Golden Age

BROKEN PLEDGES

Grown-up people really ought to be more careful. Among themselves it may seem but a small thing to give their word and take back their word. For them there are so many compen-

sations. Life lies at their feet, a parti-coloured indiarubber ball; they may kick it this way or kick it that, it turns up blue, yellow, or green, but always coloured and glistening. Thus one sees it happen almost every day, and, with a jest and a laugh, the thing is over, and the disappointed one turns to fresh pleasure, lying ready to his hand. But with those who are below them, whose little globe is swayed by them, who rush to build star-pointing alhambras on their casual word, they really ought to be more careful.

KENNETH GRAHAME,
Dream Days

INTERFERENCE

You help a small child through the intricacies of a quadrille, pushing him this way and that, like a piece on a chess-board; or you insist on explaining to him the pluperfect tense, passive, of a Greek verb: and that naughty child, who ought to be grateful, is raging all the time at your interference. Half a century hence, he can recall the touch of your hands, the sound of your voice. At the dance, he felt that you were drawing his very soul out of him by the shoulders; over the grammar, you were invading his little kingdom, beating down his will, and assaulting his intelligence enthroned in state. Is it any wonder that he cried?

Older and wiser children do not thus resent our help over difficult passages of work or of play: but they hate it, if we are always interfering between them and the world, their world. Like Prospero's island, it is full of voices, a place of dreams and visions. I imagine, as I write, children in a garden, or up the hillside, or on the beach; and other children, not less happy, in the streets of a city, or listening to music, or reading: and they all are held in that wonder which must have, for its very life, solitude and liberty and silence. We, with our explanations and our running commentaries—*Look, dear, isn't that beautiful? Isn't that interesting? Don't you admire Charles Kingsley? Yes, the tides are really due to the moon. I hope you are not too fond of Mendelssohn*—oh, how we blunder into the children's wonderful world, and how often we offend them! *The Young People*

THE EVERLASTING CHILD

Those who have kept fresh in their hearts "the everlasting child," whose eyes look out still with wonder on a wondrous world, who have not yet become used to the stupendous marvel of a starlit night, or the yearly miracle of spring, who see the fairies' footsteps in green meadows, hear the pipes of Pan among the rushes, and the flowers talking in the forest—to those men and women

the rising generation are the joy and hope of the world. All they have tried and failed to do, the children will achieve. Where they have but pointed the way, the coming race will march victorious and triumphant, if only they are allowed a fair chance and start with healthy, happy minds and bodies.

CONSTACE ELIZABETH MAUD,
The Rising Generation

RESPECT

If we try to force children into showing us respect, while we have taken no special pains to render ourselves worthy of respect, one of two things must happen; either we shall not win the child's respect at all, or it will be learning to worship false idols, and it is not hard to see that, for the child's own sake and for the sake of its future, the former result would be by far the most desirable.

ENNIS RICHMOND,
The Mind of a Child

SOCIAL EDUCATION

The funny little brain works in a fashion of its own. We ourselves introduce with one hand the confusion which we try to smooth away with the other. How on earth, for instance, can a child of to-day understand the meaning of politeness? What can its idea be of good manners when in one sentence we inculcate some old-fashioned

piece of good behaviour, and in the next nine sentences narrate to a bystander as a good joke some shocking piece of rudeness of our own? A small person was once scolded for rudeness because, a recently departed visitor having stroked her hair for ten minutes till the ribbon had come off and a curl was in her eye, and nursery tea was waiting, she had at last lifted up her voice and announced very softly and politely: "I should *like* to go away." The woman who was scolding her had just been narrating how she had at last driven away a thick-headed and fatiguing visitor by sheer open insults. I think most children have sufficiently pretty manners to know instinctively that they had better not do a third of the things which they see their elders doing; but in this matter of manners, modern grown-ups have disqualified themselves for the position of teachers. If there is a business in life where an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory, it is in the social education of youth.

EDWARD H. COOPER,
The Twentieth Century Child

A GENTLEMAN

I feel quite sorry for future generations of little girls, who can, I fear, never meet any Major Vernons. That entirely charming manner of his was the product of a less hurried age than ours.

It was the outcome of the consensus of opinion of generations of gentlefolks, who deemed that the first and essential quality of gentlehood was pleasantness, and in no circumstances does the gentlehood of a gentleman more markedly betray itself than in his manner to little girls. There are people, quite good and estimable in other respects, who reserve for children an attitude of mind and bearing that irresistibly reminds one of the elder sister celebrated by the late Mr William Black. He was living in a semi-detached house, where the walls were thin, and every morning he would hear the eldest sister call to the younger members of the family: "Now, you horrid little things, make haste and say your nasty little prayers!"

But with Major Vernon, although one might be conscious that there were still a few tedious years to be bridged over before one became a noble and beautiful lady (beautiful, certainly), still, the assurance remained that such one was going to be, and that he fully realised the inevitability of this apotheosis. L. ALLEN HARKER,

* *Concerning Paul and Fiammetta*

AUNT JAN

When Aunt Jan's coming there's such romping in the house,
She's sweeter than a daffodil and softer than a mouse!

* By permission of Mr Edwin Arnold.

She sings about the passages, and never wants to
rest,
And father says it's all because a bird is in her
breast.

When Aunt Jan's kissing there's such crowding
round her knees,
Such clambers to her bosom, and such battles
for a squeeze!
We dirty both her snowy cuffs, we trample on
her gown,
And sometimes all her yellow hair comes tumb-
ling, tumbling down.

When Aunt Jan's dancing we all watch her as
she goes,
With in-and-out and round-about upon her shiny
toes;
And when her merry breath is tired she stops the
fun and stands
To curtsey saucily to us, or kiss her pretty hands.

When Aunt Jan's playing, the piano seems alive,
With all the notes as busy as the bees are in a
hive;
And when it's time for Bedfordshire, as sweetly
as a lark
She sings that God is waiting to protect us in the
dark.

When Aunt Jan's leaving we are not ashamed
to cry,
A-kissing at the station and a-waving her good-
bye;
But springtime brings the crocus after winter rain
and frost,
So dear Aunt Jan will come again. She isn't
really lost.

NORMAN GALE,
Songs for Little People

LESSONS

"*Endeavouring to make children prematurely wise is useless labour. Suppose they have more knowledge at five or six years old than other children, what use can be made of it? It will be lost before it is wanted, and the waste of so much time and labour of the teacher can never be repaid. Too much is expected from precocity, and too little performed.*"

Dr JOHNSON,
Boswell's Life of Johnson

. . . humming Students gilded Primers read;
Or Books with Letters large and Pictures gay,
To make their Reading but a kind of Play—
"*Reading made Easy*," *so the Titles tell,*
But they who read must first begin to spell:
There may be Profit in these Arts, but still
Learning is Labour, call it what you will;
Upon the youthful Mind an heavy Load,
Nor must we hope to find the Royal Road.
Some will their easy steps to Science show,
And some to Heaven itself their By-way know;
Ah! trust them not,—who Fame or Bliss would share,
Must learn by Labour, and must live by Care.

GEORGE CRABBE,
Schools

"LABOUR AND GRIEF"

If a little child—say under the age of ten—dislikes arithmetic, grammar or history very much, why force it to learn them? The whole business of arithmetic, from simple addition to decimal long division, can be picked up by an intelligent child of ten in three months, while at that age history is purely delightful and grammar has already been learned by the simple process of listening to educated conversation. Somewhat later the young brain can master the elements of the most difficult subjects in a few weeks. . . . Why in the name of wonders should long hours of a baby's life be made hideous by confronting the creature with knowledge which, at that earlier age, is labour and grief to understand, and perfectly useless when understood?

EDWARD H. COOPER,
The Twentieth Century Child

GOOD POETRY

I believe that if, for one half hour a day, a teacher were to read good poetry aloud with his pupils—not fretting them with comments, not harrying them with too frequent questions, but

doing his best by voice and manner to hold their attention, encouraging them to read in their turn, pausing only at some salient beauty or some unusual difficulty, above all, giving the poetry time to *sink in*—I believe thoroughly, that at the end of a year he would find himself rewarded beyond all his calculations. For the child's mind is a wonderful worker, if only we trust it. Do but interest a child in what he hears, and he will go away and do plenty of thinking—out of school hours, too—though it be against his principles. And let such passages be chosen as contain points of interest around which the child's thoughts and imagination may gather and play. Only, be sure that they are also such as cannot possibly defile that imagination. Mr Thomas Bowdler, the famous expurgator, has in these times passed into a by-word. Why, I do not quite understand; and perhaps it may be worth our while, in a cool hour, to weigh Mr Swinburne's contention that one of the best services to Shakespeare was done by this derided man, who made it possible to put him into the hands of intelligent and imaginative children. "Q,"

From a Cornish Window
(Arrowsmith)

A "DRAGON"

I believe I am nearly as sorry for my new pupils as they are for themselves. Why should they be glad to welcome someone who spent half an hour

with their parents in the library one day, and whose back revealed so little to them as they hung over the balusters, perilously far, to watch her out of the house? They naturally think of her as a dragon with horrid learned ways, whose very name arouses fierce jealousy in the breast of the nurse they adore, and whose sole object in coming is to keep them in order. Their father is generally responsible for this latter statement; and I am sure, if fathers knew how little this advance notice helped to establish friendly relations between a dragon and her victims, they would stop describing her in this unprepossessing way.

EVELYN SHARP,
Lessons

THE GOOD THINGS IN ART

Almost everyone is by nature given the power of enjoying music. The Headmaster of Eton, in a recent letter to parents, said: "All boys (except about two per cent.) have a taste for music which is capable of development." Now, let anyone who has learned to enjoy Mozart or Beethoven, consider how much would be gone from his life if he were condemned never to know any better music than reaches the twopenny gallery of a music-hall. It is not, of course, pretended that all or nearly all children can ever be trained to care for the very best things. The majority will never love the "gathering grieving of Beethoven"

above all else, or expend themselves on the study of Hamlet or the Faery Queen. But we may reasonably hope for a time when all but a very few will realise that a coon song is not the last note in music, or the most brassy of modern novelists the corner-stone of literature. Caviare will always be caviare to the general, but even the mob may be taught to like honest beef better than saveloys. When they do, England will be a vast deal merrier than to-day. The strongest nation, it has been said, is the happiest. There is no surer way to happiness than a taste for the good things in Art.

The Daily Telegraph, Jan. 21*st*, 1908

THE CLASSICS

In the quiet atmosphere of the schoolroom, planted side by side in the deep rich soil of that hothouse, the classics of literature and the classics of music flourish well, cultivated with impartial industry, watched with impartial interest, and occasionally watered with impartial tears. They refuse to be separated: the children cannot pick and choose, or have one without the other. It must be *English Reading* from 9 to 10 for this reason, that it is *Piano* from 10 to 11, and *Arithmetic* from 11 to 12, and then *Walk*: and passive resistance either at 9 or at 10 might lead to a distraint for time at 12. Authority, and blessed be the name

of Authority, assures the children that books and music are of equal value, beauty, and necessity; and they, on that assurance, taking the two as one, tend to be equally good at each of them, and give to each an equal measure of attention and respect. What they enjoy in books, that they enjoy in music; and if we know where they are in the one, we can guess where they are in the other.

. . . . . .

I see no reason to doubt that some children have a real gift, antecedent to Authority, for the best sort of books and music. We do find such children, who neither from compulsion nor from vanity nor from a desire to please their elders, but as it were by nature, enjoy what is classical. Father and Mother tell me that they have often observed that our young people are thus gifted: and Mother once told me that she had observed on one occasion something of the same kind, but much less marked, in one or two of the X.'s children. It cost her a great effort for the sake of truth to make this statement, and she was glad to drop the painful subject. *The Young People*

HOME MUSIC

The catholicity of the pile of music on the top of the schoolroom piano may be judged by the following list; but it is never the same for two days together:—

Bach's Christmas Oratorio.
The Piccaninny Polka.
Half of some songs by Brahms.
H.M.S. Pinafore.
Hymns Ancient and Modern.
Whistling Rufus.
A Fragment (? Mozart).
The violin part of a Concerto.
Czerny's Exercises.
The rest of the Brahms songs.

So wide is the range of the young people's music: and it is the same with their books. *Fie on't, Oh fie! 'Tis an unweeded garden*—but Heavens, what a garden! A child's dear, ragged little garden, with radishes in it because the child is fond of radishes, and groundsel because the canary is fond of groundsel; and rosemary for remembrance, and pansies for thoughts, and fennel, columbines, and rue; and *There's a daisy*, says the child, *and I would give you some violets, but they are all withered*; and, in the middle of this untidy patch, a fine entanglement of sweet peas, and a rose, which the child kisses when nobody is looking. That is the young people's home music.

The Young People

A SCHOOLROOM NEWSPAPER

Somebody ought to start a halfpenny daily paper for the schoolroom. It should contain all

such news as ought to be made known to young people; should review all books that they ought to read, all plays that they ought to see; should touch lightly, with plain words, on foreign affairs and politics; should be strong in athletics, but silent about betting; should observe the difference between tragedies and horrors. Perhaps it would not pay; or the Gods would so love it that it would die young. There should be nothing for babies in it: no *Little Tots' Corner*, no *Pattern for a Pretty Bib given away with this Number*, nothing of that sort. It should be of authority, careful, well-written, full of good news and sound views, neither hiding nor underlining sin and death, and set resolutely to treat its readers as a shrewd and level-headed lot. Only, it would tell them nothing which they ought not to know.

The Young People

DRAWING

You can develop a child's faculties by drawing better than by books; and no other study will so quicken his perceptions. Pinholes through a paper give a child a better idea of the stars than all the study of astronomy.

Children should learn to draw as they learn to write, and such a mystery should not be made of it. They should be encouraged, not flattered. As it is, every child shows some disposition to

draw early—marking on doors, tables, books, "whole sheets of paper,"—"which must not be wasted," while the parents who would save that paper, write the most vapid nonsense. With no help and encouragement, the child gradually loses its desire to draw; gets interested in other things, until the wish to draw again breaks out, and then double effort is required to get the facility which might have been gained insensibly.

W. M. Hunt's Talks about Art

OUT OF DOORS

The month was August and the morning cool,
When Hal and Ned,
To walk together to the neighbouring school,
Rose early from their bed.

When near the school Hal said, "Why con your task,
Demure and prim?
Ere we go in, let me one question ask,
Ned, shall we go and swim?"

ANN and JANE TAYLOR,
The Truant Boys

COME FORTH

Come forth, come forth: the spring to thee is calling:
The lapwing cries his love o'er moor and hill:
The skylark's notes from heaven to earth are falling:
And in the hedgerow nods the daffodil.

Come forth, come forth: the summer's fiery glances
Bid thee come sleep beneath the pine tree's shade,
Where the glad streamlet through the bracken dances,
And the tall foxglove blushes in the glade.

Come forth, come forth: the autumn mists are creeping
About the garden where the robin sings.
The spider in his dewy web is sleeping,
And to his hoard his nuts the squirrel brings.

Lie still and rest: the winter winds are wailing:
The sparrow puffs his feathers on the tree,
While sullen clouds o'er sullen skies are trailing.
What can the dead earth tell to thee or me?

G. M. A. HEWETT,
The Open-Air Boy

HAPPY CHILDREN

Ah! now the rosy children come to play,
And romp and struggle with the new-mown hay;
Their clear high voices sound from far away.

They know so little why the world is sad,
They dig themselves warm graves and yet are glad;
Their muffled screams and laughter make me mad!

I long to go and play among them there;
Unseen, like wind, to take them by the hair,
And gently make their rosy cheeks more fair.

The happy children! full of frank surprise,
And sudden whims and innocent ecstasies;
What godhead sparkles from their liquid eyes!

No wonder round those urns of mingled clays
That Tuscan potters fashioned in old days,
And coloured like the torrid earth ablaze,

We find the little gods and loves portrayed,
Through ancient forests wandering undismayed,
And fluting hymns of pleasure unafraid.

They knew, as I do now, what keen delight
A strong man feels to watch the tender flight
Of little children playing in his sight.

EDMUND GOSSE,
Lying in the Grass: On Viol and Lute

THE FLOWERY LAND

Children with heather in hand,
Passing along through the Strand,

Where have you been through the day?
In what far meads at play?

Your hands are filled with fern,
And your faces tingle and burn.

Was not the country sweet
And fresh to tired young feet?

Were not the grasses green
And the wonderful skies serene?

The wonderful miles of sky
That made you on fire to fly;

That made you long to be birds
Or gambol, like fleet-foot herds.

Now you are tired; your feet
Are weary; your young hearts beat.

Again from the flowery land
You return to the gas-lit Strand.

. . . . . .

O gold-haired wonderful child,
With glances laughing and wild,

May you never along the Strand
With other than white child-hand

Filled full of beautiful flowers
Pass, in the passionate hours

Of later life; may the bloom
Of to-day's joy last till your tomb,

Keeping you tender and good
O child-face under the hood!

Keeping you gentle and fair,
O angel in soft night-air

Of London passing along,
Not with a sigh, but a song!

GEORGE BARLOW,
At a Theatre Door in Summer

HIS WISDOM

(*Toby, six years old*)

His feet whene'er they walk abroad
By city ways must wend,
Who cares? he says, since every road
Is country in the end.

Lover of daisies and the grass,
Tree, bird, and flower his friend;
The dreary houses cease to pass:
All's country in the end.

The walls shut out the sun, the air,
Mean sights depress, offend;
Yet every street's a traveller
For country in the end.

His thoughts through smoke and shadows dull
Like the lark's song ascend.

Somewhere, he says 'tis beautiful;
All's country in the end.

Beyond the clouds, beyond the smoke
In a green space descend
And meet the clear-eyed country-folk
And country in the end.

Here moon and stars have dimmed their light,
Hard trouble's hard to mend;
Yet round some corner out of sight
Lies country in the end.

Ho, traveller, take the stony road!
Up, hearts, though shoulders bend!
For even the hardest road, thank God,
Finds country in the end.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

ON SATURDAY MORNING EARLY

On Saturday next at half-past eight—
I mustn't be half a second late—
I'm going out at the garden gate
When the dew is glittery-pearly.
I'm going, I'm going, I don't know where,
But I think I shall find some others there,
On Saturday next if the sun shines fair,
On Saturday morning early.

Perhaps it's the home of the big tom-tit,
Or the land where the little blue fairies flit,
For Daddy he said I should visit it,
And go, for a treat alone, too,

In a marvellous carriage with golden springs
And six white horses with twelve white wings,
And a coachman all over curls and things,
And a footman all of my own, too.

Or perhaps I shall go to the doll-country,
Where the dollies are all as big as me,
And all have raspberry jam for tea,
With huge thick slices of *some* cake:
It might be sponge, or it might be bright
With cherries, and iced as smooth and white
As the pond when the feathery snow falls light,
Or it might be, possibly, plum-cake.

What fun it'll be to see Boy Blue,
And Jack, and the stalk that grew and grew,
And Puss in Boots and his Marquis too,
And giants and giantesses;
And wonderful gleaming golden towns,
And Kings with sceptres and swords and crowns,
And Queens with fur on their satin gowns,
And beautiful young Princesses!

And if I should see Red Riding Hood
And her grandmamma in the dark old wood,
I shall run away, as a good girl should
For fear that a wolf might meet her.
But grandmamma will perhaps explain
If teeth, when they bite you, give you pain,
And how she ever got out again
When the wolf had managed to eat her.

And, oh, I shall find where the tulips go,
And the golden crocuses all aglow,
And where the little white daisies grow
When they vanish away together;
And the place where the pretty blue-bells stay,
And the pinks and the roses bright and gay,
When they go away and "Good-bye," they say,
"Good-bye," for the winter weather.

I must take my funny dog Buff, the Skye,
With his little short legs and his ears cocked high,
And his long rough hair, and his hidden eye,
And his face like a great grey pansy.
Doll Jane I shall leave on the nursery floor,
For she doesn't go travelling any more—
Since her head got squeezed in the bedroom door
There's not very much she can see.

So I'm ready, I'm ready! I've packed some socks,
A bonnet, a bib, and two holland frocks,
And a pair of shoes in a brand-new box;
And I've given my Mummy warning.
I shall take a mug and a fork and spoon,
And the musical-box that plays one tune,
And I'll hurry away—but I'll come back soon—
On Saturday next in the morning.

R. C. LEHMANN,
Crumbs of Pity

LITTLE SAVAGES

What we have now first to note is that the original Waft from the Garden asserts itself most

vigorously in the child. This it is that thrusts the small boy out under the naked heavens, to enact a sorry and shivering Crusoe on an Islet in the Duck-pond. This it is that sends the little girl footing it after the Gypsies' Van, oblivious of pudding, the embrace maternal the paternal smack; hearing nought save the faint far bugle-summons to the prehistoric little savage that thrills and answers in the tingling blood of her; seeing only a troop of dusky, dull-eyed guides along that shining highway to the dim land east o' the sun and west o' the moon; where freedom is and you can wander and breathe, and at night tame street lamps there are none—only the hunters' fires and the eyes of lions and the mysterious stars.

KENNETH GRAHAME,
Pagan Papers

PLAY

Now the beauty of the thing when the childher play is
The terrible wonderful length the day is.
Up you jumps, and out in the sun,
And you fancy the day will never be done;
And you're chasin' the bumbees hummin' so cross
In the hot sweet air among the goss,
Or gath'rin' blue-bells, or looking for eggs,
Or peltin' the ducks with their yaller legs,
Or a climbin' and nearly breakin' your skulls,
Or a shoutin' for divilment after the gulls,

Or a thinkin' of nothin', but down at the tide
Singin' out for the happy you feel inside.
That's the way with the kids, you know,
And the years do come and the years do go,
And when you look back it's all like a puff,
Happy and over and short enough.

T. E. Brown,
Collected Poems

GOING DOWN HILL ON A BICYCLE

With lifted feet, hands still,
I am poised, and down the hill
Dart, with heedful mind;
The air goes by in a wind.

Swifter, and yet more swift,
Till the heart, with a mighty lift,
Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry—
"O bird, see; see, bird, I fly.

"Is this, is this your joy,
O bird, then I, though a boy,
For a golden moment share
Your feathery life in air!"

Say, heart, is there ought like this
In a world that is full of bliss?
'Tis more than skating, bound
Steel-shod to the level ground.

Speed slackens now, I float
Awhile in my airy boat;
Till when the wheels scarce crawl,
My feet to the pedals fall.

Alas, that the longest hill
Must end in a vale; but still
Who climbs with toil, whereso'er
Shall find wings waiting there.

H. C. Beeching,
In a Garden

CHILDISH BOUQUETS

The bouquets of childhood are like human life, made up of all sorts and conditions—weeds and blossoms, wildflowers and exotics, rank growths and delicate tendrils that wither at a touch. Happy the child who plays among the sunshine and the flowers, all unconscious of the flying moments.

But day declines, and the sun goes down, and the tired feet make for home. Is it wonderful that the close of a child's day should so often bring tears; or that the brave eye, into which the Dustman has thrown a handful of his magic powder, should repudiate the very idea of sleep, that puts an end to play?

T. Ratcliffe Barnett,
The Blessed Ministry of Childhood

LITTLE INVALIDS

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little, patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,—
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

LEIGH HUNT,
To T. L. H.

SELF-CONTROL

The patience of children in illness is a common-place of some little books, but none the less a fresh fact. In spite of the sentimental, children in illness remain the full sources of perpetual surprises. Their self-control in real suffering is a wonder.

ALICE MEYNELL,
The Children

THE PRICE OF LOVE

The Pearl has been ill for the first time. We had to look upon her suffering and screaming with pain. Of course it happened at night—that time when everything takes a more tragic colouring. We did not know what was wrong. We could not take the cursed pain away from her. At that moment it would have been a pleasure to thrust hand or foot into a furnace to give her five minutes' respite. To die for her would have seemed so easy that there would have been no self-sacrifice in it. But living is, on the whole, a great deal harder than dying. So we worked away—trying one thing after another—goaded into desperation by the thought that the doctor lived miles away across the country—until at last

we got at the reason of the pain, and, applying a remedy, the poor little Rogue gave over clutching at our necks, and was at rest again. We dried her tears. Then she fell asleep.

You ask me if she was very ill? I answer, that there is only one degree in a child's illness, and that is the superlative. To-day she may be dancing and laughing on her mother's knee—to-morrow, who can tell? They are rapid little mortals—soon up and soon down. And when they suffer, those who love them always fear the worst.

. . . . . .

We go through the same process every time she is ill. We see dangers which may never come. Perhaps the grandmothers would smile at us. But no—they would not smile, for they know. Everyone who really loves a child knows. We must pay for the exquisite joys of love in a price of pain.

"They suffer most, that most have power to love."

T. Ratcliffe Barnett,
The Finest Baby in the World

THE SICK CHILD

He for whom the world was made
Cannot lift his heavy head;
All its pretty curls puffed out,
Burnt with fever, parched with drought.

He, the tyrant, whimsical,
With the round world for a ball,
In a dreadful patience lies,
Old since yesterday and wise.

Like a martyr on the rack
Smiles, his soft lips burnt to black,
While the fever still devours
His small body, sweet as flowers.

Dreadful patience like a sword
Stabs his mother's heart, dear Lord :
Make him naughty, wild and gay,
As he was but yesterday.

Little services he pays
With his kisses and his praise;
While his eyes ask pardon still
That he's troublesome and ill.

He lies scorching with a fire
In his cheeks blown high and higher,
By the wind of fever fanned:
Lord, his kisses on my hand!

Give me back my boy, I pray,
Turbulent, of yesterday:
Not this angel like a sword
In his mother's heart, dear Lord.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

RETRIBUTION

At home retribution comes for many a sin of mismanagement when some child must be shut up in its room even for a day or two. Fractious and uncomprehending, half-indignant and half-frightened, the small person lies in bed, asking for amusement and bored by it when it is given, demanding favourite companions, puddings, and toys, and turning away from them all with petulant distaste when they come. The nurse gets nervous at this endless fretfulness, which is making her small patient worse, and grows alarmed by the disobedience which later on may be a vitally dangerous matter; the child reads her nervousness by lightning flashes, after the manner of such small folk, and his own uneasiness grows. The conditions are not favourable if a crisis comes.

There is a homely proverb which applies with great force to illness in the nursery. However much you may have spoilt your children, "it is never too late to mend"; and the first moment of even the most common-place malady is a very good time to begin. Brutal as it must seem to be stern now, it is worth remembering that discipline will mitigate your patient's malady even to-day, while to-morrow it may be a matter of life or death.

. . . . . .

Punishment is a hard saying when its subject is a fractious small invalid; but if prompt obedience cannot be had without it—well, obedience matters and your own feelings do not.

EDWARD H. COOPER,
The Twentieth Century Child

ALLEVIATIONS

When children are ill themselves, unless they are really and painfully ill, they have various standard resources. Sometimes a not bad illness is looked back upon as an agreeable and exciting reminiscence, and they associate with these abnormal conditions certain practical alleviations, which are expected to form part of the treatment of any subsequent indisposition. When they have colds they demand "high baths," in which the water is delightfully warm and deep. Only they never call them "deep," but always "high baths," because "deep" water is associated with danger, and "high" water only with luxury, unlimited time in the bath, and a sense of importance and consideration. Being ill also means a complete set of new toys, and the purchase of particular toys which they had always wished for but never possessed, and long days in which to play with them. There are children to whom even scarlatina of a mild type has almost taken the form of a visit to another and not undesirable

world. While isolated from the life of everyday, they have become for a brief time possessors of untold wealth of playthings, all of which vanished on the day they were reported "safe," because when the children got well all the toys were pronounced infected and were burnt,—a sacrifice to Esculapius. *The Spectator*

SEA-SIDE CHILDREN

Shoreward she hies, her wooden spade in hand,
Straight down to childhood's ancient field of play,
To claim her right of common in the land
Where little edgeless tools make easy way.

C. TENNYSON TURNER,
Little Sophy by the Sea-side

PACKING

The demon of packing was abroad. Open trunks in the passage, frothing over with paper, busy people, excited children, and bustle everywhere. This is the spirit of packing, much beloved of children, but only to be endured in varying degrees of patience by those more nearly concerned.

PAMELA, LADY TENNANT,
The Children and the Pictures

OFF TO THE SEA

Here comes the train! Good-bye, Papa! Good-bye, good-bye to all!
We'll watch you from the window till your bodies grow quite small.
They say the engine flies along much faster than a bee—
We're going down to Sheringham to paddle in the sea!

Dear Auntie Nell and Nursie, as well as Cousin Mat,
And Noel, grave and chubby, in his ribboned sailor hat,

And Baby, with her merry eyes that sparkle in their glee—
We're going down to Sheringham to paddle in the sea!

O run along, dear Puff-puff, just as hard as you can run,
And eat some coal for luncheon while we have our currant bun,
For Auntie says if you are fed you'll get us there by three—
We're going down to Sheringham to paddle in the sea!

At Cromer we shall find a man to drive a waggonette
Past succory and poppies—how we hope it won't be wet!
And when we reach our lodgings we shall quickly have our tea—
We're going down to Sheringham to paddle in the sea!

I mean to build a castle just as tall as Auntie's head
For the waves to knock to pieces when I'm dreaming in my bed;
And Noel says he'll make a house that's taller than a tree—
We're going down to Sheringham to paddle in the sea!

Just see the goosey-gander and the moo-cows by the brook,
Their sides are marked like those I have at Thetford in my book.
O Noel, see the piggies, and the coffee-coloured gee!—
We're going down to Sheringham to paddle in the sea!

And Auntie hopes we'll freckle on our faces, and be brave,
And not cry when Nursie dips us for a minute in the wave;
So I mean to be courageous, as a little girl should be—
We're going down to Sheringham to paddle in the sea!

NORMAN GALE,
Songs for Little People

CARRYING ANGELA

Leaving our lodging, I have for a task,
The prettiest, surely, an idler could ask—
Carrying Angela down to the beach,
A bundle of prattle, and soft as a peach.

Lazily watching the children, I find
Content for my heart and refreshment of mind,
Making a door in a sandy abode,
Or draining a ditch, or devising a road.

Home then to dinner, all laden with shells,
With curious pebbles and flowering bells;
Angela rides me, a mistress most fair,
Her heels at my chest and her fist in my hair.

NORMAN GALE,
Songs for Little People

SEA-SIDE CHILDREN

I like no strange children so much as sea-side children: the jolly girls in Tam o' Shanters who are still in the boy stage—throwing balls, playing cricket, riding astride — and yet are women too, as all girls are, even in the cradle; the brown-armed, fair-haired boys who never wear shoes or stockings, who dive off the groynes, and push out the boats, and pull in the nets, and help the shrimpers, and always get the front seats at the entertainments. I like their eagerness, their impatience, their air of business. I like their voices especially. You meet them all day long, always intent and purposeful—always, I suppose, making for a meal, or a conjuror, or a towel, or some money to pay for something. They never seem to want to go on the sea or on the pier; they live on the sands, ever, like Matthew Arnold's thrush, deep in their unknown day's employ.

E. V. LUCAS,
Fireside and Sunshine

THE BEACH

As for the children, to whom belongs the margin of the sea, machine-bathing at eleven o'clock will hardly furnish them with a magical early memory. Time was when this was made penitential to them, like the rest of life, upon a principle that no longer prevails. It was vulgarized for them and made violent. A bathing woman, type of all ugliness in their sensitive eyes, came striding, shapeless, through the unfriendly sea, seized them if they were very young, ducked them, and returned them to the chilly machine, generally in the futile and superfluous saltness of tears. "Too much of water had they," poor infants.

None the less is the barren shore the children's; and St Augustine, Isaac Newton, and Wordsworth had not a vision of sea-beaches without a child there.

ALICE MEYNELL,
The Children

CHILD-FRIENDS

"*Sir, I love the acquaintance of young people.*"
Dr JOHNSON

A child's service is little, yet he is no little fool that despises it. *German Proverb*

Why should men love
A wolf, more than a lamb or dove?
Or choose hell-fire and brimstone streams
Before bright stars and God's own beams?
Who kisseth thorns will hurt his face,
But flowers doth both refresh and grace.
. . . . . .
Since all that age doth teach is ill,
Why should I not love childhood still?
HENRY VAUGHAN,
Childhood

A BROTHER'S TRIBUTE

What were I, dear, without thee? Let me look
  Back on my earliest days, to-night, as he
Who, having thoroughly read through some book,
  Re-reads the opening pages lovingly.
In days when we were children, who but I
  Should know how thy soul turned from tender
    things,
How thy girl's heart would girlish joys put by,
  To share the boy's uncouth imaginings?

If then those days were sweet, who more than
    thou
  Made them so fair, blending thy life with mine?
What books we read together, then, as now!—
  Books that boys love, full of sea-winds and
    brine;
Do you remember that pet place of ours
  We called our haunt? Not beautiful it was,
Not musical with birds, nor gay with flowers,
  But from it we could watch the mad trains
    pass,

Whirling to places that we knew not of.
  Some vision in its smoke we must have seen;
Heard music in its voice, now shrill, now rough,
  Or, there, our wanderings not so oft had been.

Oh! days wherein all songs of birds were sweet,—
The birds that mock us now with boisterous mirth;
Days when we laughed for joy of summer-heat,
Nor laughed less well when snow made white the earth!

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON,
To Cicely Narney Marston

CHILDREN'S AFFECTION

"Grown-ups," and especially men, are at a great disadvantage in winning the affections of children, for the latter are critical over a wide range, and only appreciative over a narrow one; wherefore those who seek their regard, and ultimately their affection, have ten chances of making a blunder which will be remembered, against one of scoring a success of the positive kind. The greatest mistake of all, perhaps, is to try to be amusing. An error in all cases where the speaker has not got the social measure of his company, it is nowhere more coldly received than by children, who have in perfection the art of being severely literal when they disapprove of a joke, are intensely sensitive to being laughed at, easily interpret what they only half understand, as "chaff," and only like people because they are "nice," and never because they are clever.

. . . . . .

Though it often passes away after childhood,

the affection of children for their elders outside their family circle has an advantage over that between maturer friends. Once won, it is easily kept. Little hearts, once unlocked, are ever open to the magic key, and eager to see and to add spontaneously fresh merits to those who have engaged their love. They are perfectly true, and distance does not diminish affection. Surprise and joy will almost overwhelm them when the object of this uncovenanted affection reappears suddenly after absence. The signs and tokens of emotion are perfectly spontaneous, and often most prettily expressed, and the chances are in favour of this deep affection having for its object some grown-up friend, and not a child. "It's my *beloved* Uncle Tom!" exclaimed one little girl, her face quite flushed with emotion, as the happy object of this attachment (who will never see fifty again) suddenly presented himself to an adoring little niece. *The Spectator*

HUMAN FLOWERS

It is in the nurseries, schoolrooms, fields, and gardens where my friends dwell. We never bore each other, and are never reduced to either the weather or the influenza as subjects of conversation, even during the ordeal of a two hours' sitting, for I sometimes require human flowers in the gardens which I paint. And when you come to consider the limitless territory it is ours to

roam, why should we ever bore each other? No foolish barriers or prejudices close such subjects between us as religion or politics; while art, science, and conduct are discussed spontaneously, fundamentally, and, as the French say, with the "open heart." But with those people in the drawing-rooms and dining-rooms one is restricted on all sides by the fear of either boring or shocking them.

. . . . . .

So we others, who are lovers of peace in spite of our thirst for knowledge and daring spirit of inquiry, tread cautiously as we move in the presence of those grown-up people who know everything for certain. With constraint we breathe their atmosphere of closed windows and doors, and oh! what a sigh of relief we heave up from the depths of our being, as we sit down flop on the top of some congenial haystack, and begin our endless string of "I wonders," and "Whys," and "Supposings," which launch us out upon the wide seas or the wide heavens, everywhere that thought can travel without let or hindrance. CONSTANCE ELIZABETH MAUD,
The Rising Generation

"LITTLE 'PANION"

Now I know very well that my Sweetheart will grow past me one of these days. I fear it will be *I* who must lose my "little 'panion." Already

she has her secret plans, her plots, her schemes, her prodigious secrets. Most of these she still confides to me, but the number she does not tell me will gradually increase.

I know that it must be so, and I do not repine. But I would keep the little heart open as long as I can, and for my own good be like her, wayward and childlike, a comrade of the child's thought and the child's play.

S. R. CROCKETT,
Sweetheart Travellers

A FAREWELL

Alas for the gossiping, tremulous tree
That you mounted to loot;
Till, afar in the green,
Brightly golden, was seen
The head that I loved so, the fairest of fruit!
No more shall I follow, no more shall you flee,
For now, in a dress 'tis a torture to see,
You who were yesterday
Wild as a finch
They gird and be-pinch.
Farewell to the days when your tresses were free—
Good-bye, little maid,
You're too old for my knee!

NORMAN GALE,
Orchard Songs

AD DOMULAM SUAM

Little Lady of my heart!
Just a little longer,
Love me: we will pass and part,
Ere this love grow stronger.

I have loved thee, Child, too well,
To do aught but leave thee;
Nay! my lips should never tell
Any tale to grieve thee.

Little Lady of my heart!
Just a little longer
I may love thee: we will part
Ere my love grow stronger.

Soon thou leavest fairyland;
Darker grow thy tresses:
Soon no more of hand in hand;
Soon no more caresses!

Little Lady of my heart!
Just a little longer
Be a child: then we will part,
Ere this love grows stronger.

ERNEST DOWSON,
Poems

RELIGION

In early days the Conscience has in most
A quickness which in later life is lost.

COWPER,
Tirocinium

Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His cradle and His Throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

JOHN KEBLE,
The Christian Year

BABY-SOULS

I have a fancy that, for every baby-soul which is born into the garden of this world, there upsprings, in the heavenly garden above, a white flower which is watched over by the angels of God. It is the emblem of purity, the white flower of childhood; and so long as the soul on earth remains unsullied, so long as that soul retains the child-heart of purity, so long and no longer shall the heavenly flower bloom white and fair in the garden of God.

COULSON KERNAHAN,
A Child of the Kingdom

THE CHILD AT PRAYER

A Baby to a Baby prays.
  Oh, Infant Jesus, meek and mild,
From 'mid the glory and the rays,
  Look on a little child.

As one child to another may
  He talks without a thought of fear;
Commending to a Child to-day
  All that a child holds dear:—

His father, mother, brother, nurse,
His cat, his dog, his bird, his toys:
Things that make up the universe
Of darling girls and boys.

All sheep and horses, lambs and cows,
He counts them o'er, a motley crew;
And children in the neighbour's house
And all the people too.

His friends—why, all the world's his friend;
This four years' darling, golden curled,
'Tis long before it has an end,
The bede-roll of his world.

A child lifts up his little hands
Unto a Child; and it may be
The Host of Heaven at gazing stands
That tender sight to see.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

HEAVEN

A little maid once said that she knew there was a heaven because of the presence of flowers on earth. Her mother, she said, had shown her dandelion-down afloat upon the wind, and had told her it was thus that the first flowers had come, wind-seeded from heaven.

COULSON KERNAHAN,
The Face Beyond the Door

"BETTER THAN MUCH PREACHING"

By and by, just before the dark really comes, if you walk softly enough and peep—just round the nursery door, you will hear a sound that is better for the heart than much preaching (for I who write have tried both and know), the voice of a little child's prayers.

Amen! you say. So may it be. Even thus, little maid, may we one day at nightfall lay aside our sins and be—well, just like you.

And now, good-night, little Sweetheart. The good God Himself keep you, and His best angels ward you soul and body from all the evils of all the nights.

S. R. CROCKETT,
Sweetheart Travellers

GOD'S GOODNESS

Of the child's belief in God's goodness it is needless to say much. For these little worshippers He is emphatically the friend in need who is just as ready as He is able to help them out of every manner of difficulty, and who, if they only ask prettily, will send them all the nice things they long for. Yet, happy little optimists as they are inclined to be, they will now and again be saddened by doubt, and wonder why the nice things asked for don't come, and why the dear kind God allows them to suffer so much.

JAMES SULLY, M.A., LL.D.,
Children's Ways

LOGIC

I used to be told that if I did certain things or refrained from doing certain other things, God would be displeased with me. I was never threatened with Hell Fire, for my parents were not idiots or criminals, but the displeasure of God was held up to me as a stimulus and a restraint.

I don't think I ever believed it. At any rate, I know I never acted upon the belief if I had any. I was told that God was all-powerful and all-just and all-loving, and He seemed to me something so big, so stupendous, that I could not believe He would mind my doing all the little things that I was bidden so often not to do, and that I always wanted to do so much. And even if He did, I always found that when I had been guilty of some small offence my parents forgave me, and I reasoned therefrom that God, too, would forgive me. I was told so much about His love, you see, that I couldn't doubt that. I thank Him that I never have doubted that. Small children, very small children, do reason—and they reason rather well. I believe that the child's brain is every bit as logical as a grown man's ; more logical very often.

HUBERT BLAND,
The Happy Moralist

"PITY MY SIMPLICITY"

A nipper of my acquaintance, on reaching maturer years, told me that she always said the

words "pity my simplicity," as "pity mice and plicity," and thought "plicity" to be some sort of little furry live creature, and never had the courage to ask about it.

Another young woman told me a while ago that when she heard it sung as a child, she always understood the lines

"Thou whose almighty word
Chaos and Darkness heard
And took their flight,"

to run—

"Thou whose almighty word
Cows in the Darkness heard
And took their flight."

A very strange and interesting, though little noted, fact about children is that reticence of theirs, that reluctance to ask for explanations, to admit that they do not understand.

HUBERT BLAND,
The Happy Moralist

REVERENCE

Certain grown-up proceedings, even in households filled with the best intentions, do not tend to encourage reverence. Funny stories about the children's prayers are told frequently in the presence of children, and it may be taken as beyond doubt that no child who hears such a story will say

his prayers again with complete devotion until he has forgotten the story, which he may do within the next few hours, and may not do at all.

. . . . . .

I wonder how far the practice of inviting visitors upstairs to "see the children put to bed and hear them say their prayers" is a common one. It is a repulsive proceeding which I have encountered several times, and heard years afterwards, from the outraged and insulted little victims themselves, reminiscences of their shame and anger at being made to go through these duties in the presence of a whispering, giggling audience of relatives and friends.

EDWARD H. COOPER,
The Twentieth Century Child

AUTHORITY

Perhaps we who are in authority are too fond of saying that young people must accept authority in matters of religion. They are glad, I think, to do that: but they bargain with us, and quite right too, that it shall be the best authority. They are sure that the first principles of their religion are sound and true; and they are of opinion that *philosophy*, which they take to be the staple industry of Rome and Oxford, can restate certain articles of faith in terms of such high abstraction that what one has lost in the streets one finds in the sky. Here, it may be, they are

not far wrong. It comes to this, that they are, in a general way, singularly free from superstition, and from gross imagery, and have absolute assurance that the world is run by spiritual power on spiritual lines. If I were such a fool as to ask them upon what authority they were sure of that, they would perhaps answer me according to my folly, naming this or that authority of to-day; but he would be of authority with them for this reason, that they hold him for an expert in *philosophy*, who has squared in that science what we cannot square on a lower plane of thought.

The Young People

SUNDAY DISCIPLINE

I am not such a fool as to think lightly of discipline, even on a Sunday out: but I say this, that Sunday discipline must be in keeping with home discipline, and that we have no right to call in the church to redress the balance of the home. What we make the young people from Monday to Saturday, that we must let them be on Sunday. Church is not to be administered to them as medicine, but to be taken by them as food. If the home fare be severe and plain, the church fare should be the same, or it will disagree with them: if the home fare be rich and stimulating, the church fare should include a small quantity of stimulants, or they will leave it on the plates of their souls. *The Young People*

IMMORTALITY

"What is this immortality?" said the butterfly. "I have heard the word used a great deal in my wanderings, but I never quite knew the meaning of it."

"It is the finding again, after death, of those we have loved and lost; and the loving and living with them forever, I think," answered his companion [a lily].

"I don't believe you know anything about it," said the butterfly, decisively. "All the men and women I've met—and they ought to know—used ever so much longer words."

"Perhaps you are right," replied the lily quietly, bending forward to shield a stray rose-bud from the burning sun, "but to be forever with those I love would be immortality enough for me. And I heard the maiden who walks in the garden speaking yesterday, and I remember that she said it was more godlike to love one little child, purely and unselfishly, than to have a heart filled with a thousand vast vague aspirations after things we cannot understand."

COULSON KERNAHAN,
The Garden of God

ENTERTAINMENTS

"Mamma, dear mamma," cried in haste Mary Anne,
As into the parlour she eagerly ran,
"I hear that a giant is just come to town,
So tall he is often obliged to stoop down;
O pray let us see him, O do let us go;
Indeed, dear mamma, he's a wonderful show."

"You are earnest, my love, and shall not be denied,"
Her truly affectionate mother replied.
"A lady this morning is also arrived,
Who of arms and of legs from her birth was deprived,
And yet in a number of ways is expert,
As if she were blest with these limbs to exert.

"We'll visit Miss Beffin to-morrow, and then
I'll speak of the giant and lady again;
You are not mistaken, his overgrown size
We cannot behold without feeling surprise,
While Beffin's example most forcibly stands,
A silent rebuke to all indolent hands."

ELIZABETH TURNER

THE EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION

There are two ways of going to the Earl's Court Exhibition. One way is to remember that we are grown up, and to forget that there is an exhibition; the other way is to remember that there is an exhibition, and to forget that we are grown up. The second way is decidedly the more exhausting. It is, however, at the same time exhaustive; for having once taken Wilfred in this way to Earl's Court, I feel that I have earned the right on all future occasions to listen lazily to the band and to remember without stopping that I am a grown-up person. There is nothing so grown-up in the world as the sleek satisfaction of feeling that we are not obliged to go and look at things.

EVELYN SHARP,
Lessons

"WRECKERS"

It is bad enough to have heads in front of us, and hats, which move this way and that, and break again and again the reality of the acting; but it is even worse to have people behind us: and if they whisper, or laugh amiss, or sniff when they should weep, as it were, under their breath,

or fidget, or eat sweets while Hamlet is there, oh, the rage and helpless misery of the young people! For they cannot keep hold on the play; they are caught in the toils. The cruel whispering, the sniff like the cut of a whip, the animal noises made over the sweets, oppress them as a nightmare. They take their revenge when the curtain is down, saying aloud to me, *Aren't the people behind us awful!* But by that time the harm has been done; and the wreckers behind us have offended the young people. The offence may not deserve the millstone round the neck, and the depths of the sea; yet all wanton interference with a child's happiness is nothing less than sin. *The Young People*

PANTOMIMES

Wise children always choose a mother who was a shocking flirt in her maiden days, and so had several offers before she accepted their fortunate papa. The reason they do this is because every offer refused by their mother means another pantomime to them. You see you can't trust to your father's taking you to the pantomime, but you can trust to every one of the poor frenzied gentlemen for whom that lady has wept a delicious little tear on her lovely little cambric handkerchief. It is pretty (but dreadfully affecting) to see them on Boxing Night gathering

together the babies of their old loves. Some knock at but one door and bring a hansom, but others go from street to street in private 'buses, and even wear false noses to conceal the sufferings you inflict upon them as you grow more and more like your sweet, cruel mamma.

J. M. Barrie,
The Little White Bird

PUBLIC OCCASIONS

Children, who dislike ceremony as much as they resent familiarity, love ceremonials of nearly every kind. They delight in taking a part in them themselves, and invent or reproduce them when there is a scarcity of the real article, and go through the whole performance with infinite satisfaction and complacency.

. . . . . .

They love pageants naturally, because they are beautiful. But they love them most when they take a part themselves. "Public occasions" never make them shy. Stage fright is unknown among them. They are far too interested in the business of the performance. They take it seriously, resolving to do their very best, without regard to the audience at all. All "set pieces" and days of ceremonial of any kind are to them moments or hours in which they step at once into another and higher existence, and one which

they joyfully enter. They need no preparation for the change, being to the manner born, the unspoilt possible favourites of fortune. They take their places naturally, with a serene content, and step almost without elation into the fairy palaces. They always show their pleasure when inmates of a fresh house, or of sumptuous modern hotels, where the company is well-dressed, numerous, and sedate. "You know what happens to little girls who are good," said a friend improving the occasion. "Yes," said her small acquaintance, "then they go to hotels." *The Spectator*

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

Children now are much the same that they were in the days of the Tudors. They still desire, for the setting of their lives, colour and music, pomp and circumstance. They dress up, and play king and queen, and make plans what they would do if they were rich. In their lonely thoughts they are magnificent, the central figures of long processions invisible to our eyes. They slay dragons, and divide their cloaks with beggars, and voices call to them from the sky. In these and the like ways they spend their imagination, and spend with such extravagance that even imagination tends to become exhausted, and must have the help of material images. Take, for example, the state of their mind towards

Joan of Arc. They will read of her, will play at her, will admire Bastien Lepage's beautiful picture of her; but, above all, they will love to have a little image of her: a vivid, highly-coloured plaster image, with sword and banner. That is the Joan of Arc for a child's immediate love and reverence. *The Young People*.

PETER PAN

Can we not all echo Wendy's heartfelt exclamation to Peter Pan—"Oh! Peter, how I wish you were little, and then I could *squdge* you." If there is anyone who does not understand what "squdge" means it is quite useless to attempt to translate it. "Squdge" is a word that no "newspaper biography" could do justice to,—"squdge" is a word that you feel in your inmost heart, —only—if you went to see Wendy and Peter and the Lost Boys, and did not feel at the end that you wanted to "squdge" them all, then you might just as well have stayed at home—stayed at home and read a pamphlet on microbes.

KATHARINE BURRILL,
The Little Foxes

LONDON

London is the only place in which the child grows completely up into the man. WILLIAM HAZLITT,
On Londoners and Country People

ST PAUL'S

London, now, takes more trouble to win the hearts of the young people. Think what it means for them to have the run of Westminster Cathedral, South Kensington, the Tate Gallery, Kensington Palace, the National Portrait Gallery, and Earl's Court. Think of St Paul's, as it was and as it is. I remember the time when it was cold and bare and bleak, a most dismal experience. Now, it glows eastward, with gold and marbles, and has windows like a jeweller's shop, and windows like the orchards in spring: and up aloft are wonderful angels in armour, and spouting whales, and birds, and more angels, and peacocks, and angels again, and one pretty lady—oh, the interest of her for the children!—above the organ, with no clothes. The contrast between her and the statue of Johnson is a measure of the difference between their St Paul's and mine. Johnson, when I was a child, was not a work of art but an adventure; it was something attempted, something done, to be able to look at him without saying, *Please, I want to go home.*

The Young People

TO ORANGES

Ye thousand yellow worlds from Spain
Upon a barrow piled,
And bartered for the timid pence
Of some desirous child,
How do your smooth and shining spheres
Recall the years
When by that sunny inland sea
I dreamed great dreams that may not be
Translated to reality!

Throughout the gradual day
You fade away
As dreams.
Hoarsely the invitation of your master goes
Adown the street;
With careless cunning hand he throws
To children's innocence
Some value for their pence;
And his proud pyramid of fruit
From apex unto base descends;
Each golden atom blends
With all the large and general life
That throbs through London strife.

Ye ride to far suburban homes
In Juliet's very cosy muff—
The one that cousin Herbert gave,
All wonder, warmth, and fluff!

The haggard merchant rushing by
Thinks sweetly of his nursery
Where Ralph and Jenny watch the rain
Becloud the pane.
If he should miss the train!
The coster, cordial, winks;
God bless the babes, the merchant thinks,
If I should lose the six
There's one at seven,
And these will make a little heaven
For those two angels whom I love!
Off goes his glove!
Out comes a threepenny bit!
And the abysses of the bag are lit
By leaping rounds of yellow rain—
Soft tumbling circles fresh from Spain!

O Spanish captives in the Strand
That pour the south along the street,
A man in pleasantness may stand
And read your history awhile;
Thus ye have made me smile
And made me sigh,
For as ye go, go I.
My pyramid of hours grows less,
Fewer the lips that laugh,
The hands that bless,
And rarely comes the greeting kind
To make my heart the quicklier beat.
I am not fruit, but rind,

O sweet barbarians of the street,
That, severed from your native land,
Do pour the South
Along the Babel length of Strand!

NORMAN GALE,
Orchard Songs

"THE KIND STREETS"

There should be a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children of life in London without love of London. The officers of that Society should hunt up all children who are not permitted to go on the top of an omnibus, or to the pit, or into a crowd; who must not walk with the band on its way to Buckingham Palace, or buy a pennorth of chestnuts in the open street, or stare into the shops, or stop to listen to the Salvation Army; and all who must always wear gloves, and attend the same place of worship all the year round. Their parents should be warned twice: then, if no amendment were made, the Society's officer, the *Children's Man*, should rescue the children, and carry them off, and let them do all that had been forbidden to them. I should be glad to subscribe to that Society. I would write anonymous letters to headquarters :—

DEAR SIR,—*Two little boys in this street, aged eight and nine, are compelled to wear top-hats every Sunday morning. Please see to this sad case at once.*

Or again—

> Dear Sir,—*A little girl near here, aged eleven, has been told by her parents that it is vulgar to get hot playing rounders in our Square. Please warn the parents. I enclose their name and address. I am informed that one of them reads novels written for men only, and the other believes in palmistry.*

Better still, I would myself be an officer of the Society. What a troop of dulled young lives I would take about London, what adventures we would have, and with what happiness they would go free, light of foot and light of heart, in the kind streets! *The Young People*

DENOMINATIONALISM

I do believe that it would be a good thing for all of us, and not only for the children, if some of the chief Saints would come out of the churches into the streets, and stay there; and, after all, it was in the streets that they taught and worked. The mere sight of them in all weathers, year in and year out, would very slowly tend to make us think less of our differences, and more of the future unity of Christendom in London. They would say to us old people, *We know nothing of what you call Denominationalism. We cannot conceive the reason why you have so many churches.*

We pray you, before you die, teach the children that there is one, and one alone.

Of course, I am talking nonsense now; but it will be common-sense within a hundred years from to-day. *The Young People*

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

'Twere well with most if books that could engage
Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age.

WILLIAM COWPER,
Tirocinium

Such wondrous tales as childhood loves to hear.

ROBERT SOUTHEY,
Joan of Arc

The Arabian nights rehearsed in bed!
The Fairy Tales, in school-time read,
By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!

THOMAS HOOD,
A Retrospective Review

"THE ART AT THE DOOR"

O Art of the Household! Men may prate
Of their ways "intense" and Italianate,—
They may soar on their wings of sense, and float
To the *au delà* and the dim remote,—
Till the last sun sink in the last-lit West,
'Tis the Art at the Door that will please the best;
To the end of Time 'twill be still the same,
For the Earth first laughed when the children came!

AUSTIN DOBSON,
At the Sign of the Lyre

THE AUTHOR OF "ALICE"

Charles Dodgson was, like many dons, a very shy and a very sensitive man, and a rigid observer of all the formalities of the life he had chosen. These characteristics may easily degenerate, through a pettifogging kind of reserve, into a complete ineffectiveness. From this premature extinction Dodgson was saved by his overmastering love for children. No sort of children came amiss to him. He found them on the sands, amongst the little actors in a pantomime, in a

circus-tent, or in the venerable dwelling-place of the Dean of Christ Church, and in a moment he was their friend. Their innocent freshness and wonder charmed his mind, and their joy in clothing themselves in the garb of romantic pretence appealed irresistibly to his fancy. He took them by the hand and wandered through marvellous realms with these delightful companions. It was during one of these expeditions that "Alice" was created. On July 4, 1862, he makes this entry in his diary:—

"I made an expedition up the river to Godstow with the three Liddells; we had tea on the bank there, and did not reach Christ Church till half-past eight." Later he added on the opposite page the following words: "On which occasion I told them the fairy-tale of 'Alice's Adventures Underground,' which I undertook to write out for Alice." Exactly three years after, Miss Alice Liddell received her presentation copy of the immortal story from the author. In the poem that prefaces the book he sets out the manner of its telling:—

"Imperious Prima flashes forth
Her edict 'to begin it'—
In gentler tones Secunda hopes
'There will be nonsense in it!'
While Tertia interrupts the tale
Not more than once a minute.

Anon, to sudden silence won,
In fancy they pursue
The dream-child moving through a land
Of wonders wild and new,
In friendly chat with bird or beast—
And half believe it true.

And ever, as the story drained
The wells of fancy dry,
And faintly strove that weary one
To put the subject by,
'The rest next time'—'It *is* next time!'
The happy voices cry."

. . . . . .

If you are to hold the attention of children, you must express your meaning as clearly and concisely as possible and in the simplest words. Nothing else that Lewis Carroll wrote afterwards came near to the success of "Alice." "The Hunting of the Snark" has a few memorable phrases which are still quoted; "Sylvie and Bruno" is but a pale and ineffectual reflex of the former books. But to have written the "Alices" is a sufficient glory for any man. This will remain to him when his other efforts, including his mathematical treatises, have passed away and been forgotten.

R. C. LEHMANN,
The Bookman, Dec. 1907

LEWIS CARROLL, Born 1833, Died 1898

The Grownup and the Prillilgirl
Were walking hand in hand;
They were as pleased as Punch to be
Alone in Wonderland:
"If there were other books like his,"
They said, "it would be grand."

A queer and kindly land it was,
A land of fun and play,
With many a comic friendly face
To greet them on their way;
While laughter, sounding all around,
Rang innocent and gay.

"I like his Higher Nonsense best,"
The Grownup made remark,
"The metaphysics with a wink,
The logic for a lark,
The Trial, the portmanteau words,
The White Queen, and the Snark.

"For me," the Prillilgirl replied,
"The simpler things for me:
The Duchess and the Baby, and
The Cat and Tweedledee,
And everything that Alice says,
And oh! the Hatter's tea."

"He was so very fond of you,
So fond," the Grownup said,

"And little plans to make you glad
Buzzed ever in his head;
Well-nigh impossible it is
To think of him as dead."

"But will," the Prillilgirl inquired,
"His writings ever die?
Will people always love his books
The same as you and I?"
"There is no doubt at all of that,"
The Grownup made reply.

E. V. L.,
The Books of To-day and the Books of To-morrow

FAIRY STORIES

In the afternoon you will find yet another Sweetheart, on a seat in the shade with a fairy-book—blue, green, red, or, as it may be, yellow. She is deep in tales of prince and princess, goblin and fairy, and she is hoping that it will be a long time before she comes to the part about their being married and living happy ever after. Of course that must come in time, for Sweetheart justly resents any other ending. But for all that, it must not come too soon. If it arrives before she is ready for it, Sweetheart decides that the writer man does not know his business.

S. R. CROCKETT,
Sweetheart Travellers

FANTASY

There is, I know, an old tradition that children like fairy-stories; but I believe that tradition to be a fallacy. The fact is, that sheer fantasy does not appeal to children: they do not believe in queens who live in bluebells and ride on dragon-flies, and they are not old enough to take a merely æsthetic pleasure in such notions.

. . . . . .

Lewis Carroll realised that mere fantasy does not fascinate the young, and so, as a concession, he created "Alice," and sent her into the "Wonderland" which he created for his own pleasure. "Alice" is such a realistic little prig that all children can understand her and believe in her, and can follow her through all her adventures with perfect confidence. She makes fantasy real to them, and is always pointing the morals which they love. Yes, it is a mistake to suppose that children do not love a moral. Right and wrong, goodness and naughtiness are their chief interests. It is the moral element in Carroll's books that most delights them. It is the moral element which makes "Struwelpeter" immortal — what child does not rejoice in the nemesis which overtook Foolish Harriet and Fidgety Phil and Augustus, the refuser of soup? And it is the moral element that is so painfully lacking in all these modern story-books. MAX BEERBOHM,

The Daily Mail, Dec. 23, 1898.

STRUWELPETER

"What is a struwelpeter? Well, now, listen to me, and I will tell you exactly what it is.

"A struwelpeter is a twopenny-halfpenny book, printed on bad paper, but on every page there is a picture worth two of any of Aunt Maria's pictures—yes, the ones she is always threatening to leave to Aunt Martha if Uncle John does not give up smoking cigars in the dining-room—and the strange thing about them is that though they are so good, they have never been grumbled at, for every art critic who looks at them forgets all about fault-finding, and only remembers the time when he was a tiny little boy, and people used to find fault with him."

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE,
Pierrette

THE INVENTION OF FAIRYLAND

There are two theories in the matter. A very long time ago (according to the elder one) somebody sat down and invented Fairyland. Or perhaps it was a joint effort, and a committee of somebodies sat round a green-baize-covered table. Anyhow, whether dating from a plural they or a singular he, the result seems to have been exactly right and unalterable and satisfactory. The rules were framed once and for all; the laws were codified; the population (with a certain range and

liberty) fixed; and the manners (within a large margin of license) prescribed. From that far-away time till now, the conditions have remained immovable, and both deliberate attempts at subversion and spirits of red revolution have alike fizzled out and faded away, powerless against the splendidly massive conservatism of a tradition that has its suckers on the unwritten side of history.

Perhaps it is on this very account that the later pioneers in fairy scholarship, recognising in this very fixity something more than natural, have advanced the daring theory that as it cannot possibly be we who invented Fairyland, Fairyland must have invented us. According to this thesis of theirs, we only exist by favour of fairies. Having pleased, in a whimsical moment, to invent us (Lord only knows why), they have us at their mercy, and, as soon as they are tired of thinking about us, or want a new amusement—puff! we shall go out, and *that* story will be over. Fortunately, fairies, as all records agree, are loving, irrational, and not easily wearied; and, after all, humanity must possess many humorous points for the outsider that escape the encaged observer within. So we may, perhaps, count upon another month or so yet in which to read a fairy book or two, and even to criticise them.

Everybody knows how a fairy-story should be made; but the inflexibility of the conditions has galled the withers of many radicals, who have

kicked accordingly and essayed to fling their burden—with the satisfying result of failure, complete and dead. The up-to-date fairy-story, with its jibes and sly hits at the topics of the day and the modern attitude of thought, raised its revolutionary head for a very brief while; Mr Dash, if we recollect aright, did some neat and pretty things in that way; so did Miss Blank. Even the *Water-babies*, delightful as it is, has the same taint—the taint, that is, of a fairyism which is the vehicle only, not the whole aim and end.

KENNETH GRAHAME,
The Academy

THE SCHOOLROOM LIBRARY

Writing for children is a most difficult art and needs specialised faculties. Yet every dexterous writer of the day seems to feel a need at some period of going into the Kindergarten and lisping in prose or verse to please that despotic arbiter of what is "jolly" and what is "rotten," the modern boy or the modern girl. Who in these days has not written a Children's Book? It is a difficult question. The small reader of the twentieth century is omni-voracious. If, however, the schoolroom library does not already contain the Plays of Bernard Shaw or the Poems of George Meredith, I should not go out of my way to re-

commend them for quite young children. Beyond this, I shall abstain from all advice to intending purchasers; and from this resolution nothing shall move me.

THOMAS SECCOMBE,
Classics of the Nursery,
The Bookman, *Dec.* 1905

CHILDREN IN BOOKS

"I suppose," observed Joanna, with her chin characteristically elevated, and her eyes fixed vaguely on the curtain-pole over the window, "I suppose that when people go in for understanding children in books, they have to be in a rage with real children to let off steam!"

EVELYN SHARP,
Lessons

CHRISTMAS

I myself think much of Christmas and all its associations. I always dine at home on Christmas Day, and measure the steps on my children's heads on the wall, and see how much higher each of them has risen since the same time last year, in the scale of physical life.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK,
Gryll Grange

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

THOMAS TUSSER

I will honour Christmas in my heart.

CHARLES DICKENS

A CHILD'S CAROL

Naked boy, brown boy,
In the snow deep,
Piping, carolling
Folks out of sleep;
Little shoes, thin shoes,
All so wet and worn—
But I bring the merry news
—Christ is born!

Rise, pretty mistress!
Don a gay silk;
Give me for my good news
Bread and new milk.
Joy, joy in Jewry,
This very morn!
Far and far I carry it
—Christ is born!

Back, back in Bethl'em,
By the moon still,
There I saw a shepherd
Sitting on a hill:
"Boy," said he, "bonny boy,
Take you this horn,
Wend you now and wind it,
—Christ is born!

And whenever people
  Hear the merry blast,
Bells in every steeple,
  Flags on every mast,
Holy boughs and holly
  Adore and adorn,
Far and far the jubilant
  —Christ is born!

Therefore I would have you
  People comprehend
Christ is born in Bethl'em
  For to be your friend:
For to bear the agony,
  For to wear the thorn,
For to die on Calvary,
  —Christ is born!"

"Q,"
Poems and Ballads

THE CHRISTMAS TREE AT "THE PINES"

Life still hath one romance that naught can bury—
  Not Time himself, who coffins Life's romances—
  For still will Christmas gild the year's mischances,
If Childhood comes, as here, to make him merry—
To kiss with lips more ruddy than the cherry—
  To smile with eyes outshining by their glances
  The Christmas tree—to dance with fairy dances
And crown his hoary brow with leaf and berry.

And as to us, dear friend, the carols sung
Are fresh as ever. Bright is yonder bough
Of mistletoe as that which shone and swung
When you and I and Friendship made a vow
That Childhood's Christmas still should seal each brow—
Friendship's, and yours, and mine—and keep us young.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON,
The Coming of Love

FATHER CHRISTMAS IN FAMINE STREET

An Appeal for the Children

"Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not."

When Father Christmas went down Famine Street
He saw two little sisters: one was trying
To lift the other, pallid, wasted, dying
Within an arch, beyond the slush and sleet.
From out the glazing eyes a glimmer sweet
Leapt, as in answer to the other's sighing,
While came a murmur, "Don't 'u keep on crying—
I wants to die: you'll get my share to eat."

Her knell was tolled by joy-bells of the City
Hymning the birth of Jesus, Lord of Pity,
Lover of children, Shepherd of Compassion.

Said Father Christmas, while his eyes grew dim,
"They do His bidding—if in thrifty fashion;
They let the little children go to Him."

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON,
The Nineteenth Century and After, *Dec.* 1907

THE PLEASURE OF EXPECTATION

Half the high esteem in which they [children] hold Christmas is due to the thought that a great part of the enjoyment is a "set piece," a sequence of events all sanctioned by high convention, that even the surprises like Santa Claus' stockings are matters which they can count upon, and that they can enjoy beforehand the certainty of being surprised. Like the child who wished to be frightened, but begged that whoever did so would frighten her "carefully," they know that the pleasure of expectation is one of the main factors of happiness.

The Spectator

PRESENTS

The lists drawn up by children at Christmas (always excepting that famous one which began: "A desert Island. A baby of my own. A Shetland pony . . . ") are abhorrent to my mind. The whole essential pleasure of a gift, alike to recipient and donor, is gone if it is taken for granted that the gift will come; it is no more a present than new boots are presents, or new

summer vests, or the German story-books for which the governess has asked with strictly educational intent. When the whole affair has been a systematised business in your child's mind he will not think very much of the gifts, nor be in any way chary of criticising them, nor, perhaps, be backward in asking for them. It is impossible too often to repeat the unkind and ungracious remark that three-quarters of the givers of children's presents and children's parties are persons who desire their own amusement as much as that of their guests. We like these wondering exclamations from the beginning of life; we like to see the excited pleasure, to hear this pretty gratitude, so freely expressed, so cheaply bought, compared to the hardly-won thanks of experienced and critical elder guests. The ordinary parent owes us nothing for administering such pleasures.

EDWARD H. COOPER,
The Twentieth Century Child

CHRISTMAS

With garlands to grace it, with laughter to greet it,
Christmas is here, holly-red and snow-white,
Hung round with quaint legends, and old-as-life stories
Of mystical beauty and lifelong delight;
With dreams of the Christ-child, with Santa Claus fables,
Without doubts to trouble or questions to break

The absolute faith in the triumph of goodness,
In God and in nature on guard for its sake;
Without fear of death, with no memories of grief,
Believing life dear as our cloudless belief;
What wonder if rose-coloured Christmas appear
As the happiest day of our happy child year?

E. NESBIT,
Lays and Legends

SANTA CLAUS

Most "grown-ups" nowadays have at least a sense of loss at Christmastide—the sort of sense which Mr Kipling's pioneer felt, of something "lost behind the mountains"; the sense of a whisper from the Never-never land, *Come and find me!* "David went to look for donkeys," says Mr Kipling, with alliterative inaccuracy, "and he found a kingdom"; and, though it was really Saul who went according to the Scriptures, the statement may apply figuratively to any of us. The most successful searcher for donkeys at the present day is Mr Barrie. You may take the most obtuse donkey in London before his foot-lights, and Mr Barrie will discover you a kingdom in him, the kingdom of boyhood. A view of life so large, and a touch of satire so gentle that you are awakened only to the infinite pathos of our small errors under the everlasting stars; those are two of the possessions of the author of "Peter Pan"; and his arrival at his astonishingly wide

kingdom is an exquisite illustration of a very ancient and beautiful phrase about the width and height and wonder of the kingdom of little children.

Now Santa Claus is in a terrible predicament. His tricks are not subtle enough for the modern child. His white beard wants renovating; for at present it is a palpably false one. You can see the gum that secures it; and apparently the poor old man is about to join the ranks of the unemployed. But what a delightful curtain-raiser to "Peter Pan" one can imagine if Mr Barrie would give us a plea for Santa Claus, after the manner of his plea for the ancient family of the Clown! Personally, I believe that Santa Claus is only one of the highly-coloured disguises of Peter Pan. Remove that ragged white beard and you will find a smooth-faced young messenger from the Never-never land—the land from which all pleasant surprises, all happy chances, all childish miracles descend. Nay, even if you seemed to disclose only the blushing countenance of an indignant parent, you might be sure that this also was only another disguise of that immortal and Protean youth.

ALFRED NOYES,
The Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up,
The Bookman, *Dec.* 1905

"LOST AWHILE"

. . . . those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. NEWMAN, CARD.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM

I'd a dream to-night
As I fell asleep,
Oh! the touching sight
Makes me still to weep:
Of my little lad,
Soon to leave me sad,
Aye, the child I had,
But was not to keep.

As in heaven high,
I my child did seek,
There, in train, came by
Children fair and meek,
Each in lily white,
With a lamp alight;
Each was clear to sight,
But they did not speak.

Then, a little sad,
Came my child in turn,
But the lamp he had,
Oh! it did not burn;
He, to clear my doubt,
Said, half turned about,
"Your tears put it out;
Mother, never mourn."

WILLIAM BARNES.

A GRANDMOTHER'S GIFT

("I am having the little grave and cross of our baby Pamela here made lovely with wreaths and holly for to-morrow, Christmas Day. I can't bear somehow to think of the other children all happy in St Andrews with their Christmas tree and their toys and joys, and this little one lying in the cold far away, silent and alone."—*Extract from a letter.*)

Soft dimpled cheeks, and shining eyes of blue,
Wee clinging hands, and tiny tender feet,
That bore no burden, since they never grew
To climb the stairs or patter down the street;
And ah, the baby smile that came and went
Like a meek spirit bright and innocent.

These still are with me, though my aged eyes
May never see them, and these arms no more
Meet the small arms that spread in glad surprise,
Or clasp the living shape that once they bore.
Yet in the night I sometimes wake and start
To feel the dead child plucking at my heart.

Poor little soul so silent and alone!
Lapped in the cold obliterating earth,
Her golden head beneath a cross of stone,
Low now she lies; and I who watched her birth

And held her in my arms, can only give
Flowers to her grave, and thoughts less fugitive.

Yet, while her brothers and her sisters play
Warm in their home that fronts the Northern Sea,
And laugh and sing the Christmas-tide away,
They have my smiles, but she my memory.
Oh, blithe young voices, I may hear you yet,
But not her voice whom I may not forget.

She too shall have her gifts: these hands shall spread
(Tread soft, speak low!) her coverlet of moss
With fragrant violets, and by her head
Holly shall wreathe and cluster round her cross
So the white stone shall to the dead child be
My sign of love, her little Christmas tree.

R. C. LEHMANN,
Crumbs of Pity

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD

I

Fresh flowers of spring,
New birds on wing,
The young year's breezes, soft-plumed and divine;
New faces fair
In glad new air,
The young green tender buds upon the pine;

New white tides' jocund race—
But not the little footstep, not the little face !

II

The gold hair sleeps
Amid the deeps
Of God, amid the arms of angels fair ;
No more to me
Its purity
Gleams gold across the dazzled morning air ;
Soft footsteps green meads grace,
But not the little footstep, not the little face !

III

Red roses blow
Now, row on row,
And white dear buds, the likeness of a child ;
And pimpernels
Peep forth in dells,
And o'er the seas the April winds float mild ;
Such gladden every place,
But not the little footstep, not the little face !

IV

No more, no more,
By hill or shore
The grey eyes laugh, the child-look upward smiles :
Many are fair
In life's new air,
Some with the sweetest love that woe beguiles,
Lips that can sorrow chase—
But not the little footstep, not the little face !

V

The lanes are sweet
With young girls' feet;
The roads of late life bloom beneath the tread
Of women-flowers
Who star life's bowers,
Dark-haired, divine, with locks whence sweetness shed
With flowers doth interlace—
Where is the little footstep, where the little face?

VI

Dark hair is sweet,
And passion's heat;
But ah! the bright glow of the early day
When simple things
On snow-white wings
Gave joys that now for e'er must pass away—
Leaving no trace, no trace,
Where trod the little footstep, laughed the little face.

GEORGE BARLOW,
Collected Poems, Vol. I.

IN MEMORIAM: A. F., Ob. Oct. 12, 1879.

Aug. 1875

Bright skies, bright sea—
All happy things
That, borne on wings,
Cleave the long distance, glad and free—

A boat, swift swirls
Of foam-wake—boys and girls
And innocence and laughter—She
Was there, and was so happy; and I said:—
"God bless the children!"

Oct. 1879

Dead!
Dead, say you? "Yes, the last sweet rose
Is gathered."—Close, O close,
O, gently, gently, very gently close
Her little book of life and seal it up
To God, who gave, who took—
O bitter cup!
O bell!
O folding grave—O mother, it is well—
Yes, it is well. He holds the key
That opens all the mysteries; and He
Has blessed our children—it is well.

T. E. Brown

LOVE COMFORTLESS

The child is in the night and rain
On whom no tenderest wind might blow,
And out alone in a hurricane.
Ah no,
The child is safe in Paradise!

The snow is on his gentle head,
His little feet are in the snow:
O, very cold is his small bed.
Ah no,
Lift up your heart, lift up your eyes!

Over the fields and out of sight
Beside the lonely river's flow
Lieth the child this bitter night.
Ah no,
The child sleeps under Mary's eyes!

What wandering lamb cries sore distrest
Whilst I with fire and comfort go?
O let me warm him in my breast!
Ah no,
'Tis warm in Heaven's lit nurseries.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

THE DEAD CHILD

But yesterday she played with childish things,
With toys and painted fruit.
To-day she may be speeding on bright wings
Beyond the stars! We ask. The stars are mute.

But yesterday her doll was all in all;
She laughed and was content.
To-day she will not answer, if we call:
She dropped no toys to show the road she went.

But yesterday she smiled and ranged with art
Her playthings on the bed.
To-day and yesterday are leagues apart!
She will not smile to-day, for she is dead.

GEORGE BARLOW,
The Pageant of Life

W. V. [WINIFRED VIDA CANTON]

Here's a flower for you, lying dead,
Child, whom living I never met.
Friends a many I may forget—
Not you, little Winifred.

Men grow sick when they live alone,
And long for the sound of a childish voice.
And you—how often you've made me rejoice
In a simple faith like your own!

So here's a flower for you, Winifred—
Out of London, a violet—
Little child whom I never met,
Winifred, lying dead.

H. D. LOWRY,
The Morning Post, April 18th, 1901

IF I COULD KEEP HER SO

Just a little baby, lying in my arms—
Would that I could keep you, with your baby charms;

Helpless, clinging fingers, downy, golden hair,
Where the sunshine lingers, caught from otherwhere;
Blue eyes asking questions, lips that cannot speak,
Roly-poly shoulders, dimple in your cheek;
Dainty little blossom in a world of woe,
Thus I fain would keep you, for I love you so.

Roguish little damsel, scarcely six years old—
Feet that never weary, hair of deeper gold;
Restless, busy fingers all the time at play;
Tongue that never ceases talking all the day;
Blue eyes learning wonders of the world about,
Here you come to tell them—what an eager shout!—
Winsome little damsel, all the neighbours know;
Thus I long to keep you, for I love you so.

Sober little schoolgirl, with your strap of books,
And such grave importance in your puzzled looks;
Solving weary problems, poring over sums,
Yet with tooth for sponge-cake and for sugarplums;
Reading books of romance in your bed at night,
Waking up to study with the morning light;
Anxious as to ribbons, deft to tie a bow,
Full of contradictions—I would keep you so.

Sweet and thoughtful maiden, sitting by my side,
All the world's before you, and the world is wide;

Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there to
break,
Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to wake?
Is that rose of dawning glowing on your cheek
Telling us in blushes what you will not speak?
Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego
All the golden future, just to keep you so.

Ah! the listening angels saw that she was fair,
Ripe for rare unfolding in the upper air;
Now the rose of dawning turns to lily white,
And the close-shut eyelids veil the eyes from sight;
All the past I summon as I kiss her brow—
Babe, and child, and maiden, all are with me now.
Though my heart is breaking, yet God's love I
know—
Safe among the angels, I would keep her so.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
Swallow Flights

"THE WHITE THRONE OF GOD"

"After the fever of life"—do you remember the September evening, dearest, when you read the words?—"After the fever of life, after weariness and sickness, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state, at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision." Twice since then you have come and

stood by me—you could not bear, I know well, to look down from your Heavenly home and see us all so desolate and weary without you—and on your lips and in your eyes the reminder of these promises. Yet somehow I do not think I care about them now so very much. I have no part nor lot with them, any more than with the army of saints and martyrs, the legions of men and women, strong, holy, unerring, brave, the troops of white-souled children, who have gone before to claim their reward. Only . . . . the journey to the edge of the dark gulf, and even the crossing of it, have lost half their terror now that you are on the other side.

EDWARD H. COOPER,
The Twentieth Century Child

TERMINAL NOTE

. . . as you search with unaccustomed glance
The ranks of Paradise for my countenance,
Turn not your tread along the Uranian sod
Among the bearded counsellors of God;
For if in Eden as on earth are we,
I sure shall keep a younger company:
Pass where beneath their rangèd gonfalons
The starry cohorts shake their shielded suns,
The dreadful mass of their enridgèd spears;
Pass where majestical the eternal peers,
The stately choice of the great Saintdom, meet—
A silvern segregation, globed complete
In sandalled shadow of the Triune feet;
Pass by where wait, young poet-wayfarer,
Your cousined clusters, emulous to share
With you the roseal lightnings burning 'mid their hair;
Pass the crystalline sea, the Lampads seven:—
Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

I do not claim for this little book that it is in any way representative, for adequately to represent those authors who have written upon the modern child in recent years would need a volume many times the size of the present one.

My thanks are due to the following writers and publishers for the permission so freely given me to use many poems, and extracts in prose and verse, from the works they control, namely :—

To Mr Swinburne for four poems from his *Poetical Works* (Chatto & Windus) ; to Mr Watts-Dunton for a sonnet from *The Coming of Love* (Lane), two from *Aylwin*, and one from the pages of *The Nineteenth Century and After* ; to Mrs Allen Harker for extracts from *A Romance of the Nursery*, and *The Little People* (Lane), *Wee Folk : Good Folk* (Duckworth), and *The Intervention of the Duke* ; to Mrs Meynell for passages from *The Children* (Lane) ; to Mrs Katharine Tynan Hinkson for her poems ; to Mr Arthur Morris for a poem, and two extracts from *The Poetical Works* of his father, the late Sir Lewis Morris (Kegan Paul) ; to Mr E. V. Lucas for two extracts from *Fireside and Sunshine* (Methuen), and his lines on " Lewis Carroll " ; to " E. Nesbit " for four poems ;

to Mr Austin Dobson for "Little Blue Ribbons" and the extracts from his *Collected Poems* (Kegan Paul); to Mr Coulson Kernahan for passages from *Visions* (Hodder & Stoughton), *Wise Men and a Fool* (Ward Lock), and for the poems by Mrs Chandler Moulton, and a fragment by the late Philip Bourke Marston; to Mrs Piatt for two poems; to Mr George Barlow for a poem and extract from Vol. I. of his *Poetical Works* (H. J. Glaisher), and "The Dead Child," from *The Pageant of Life*; to Mr Norman Gale for five poems and a fragment of another; to the writer of *The Young People* for passages from that book; to Mr Quiller Couch ("Q") for two poems from *Poems and Ballads* (Methuen), and an extract from *From a Cornish Window* (Arrowsmith); to Mr J. M. Barrie for passages from *The Little White Bird* (Hodder & Stoughton); to Miss Evelyn Sharp for extracts from *Lessons*, and for three poems; to the Rev. T. Ratcliffe Barnett for extracts from *The Finest Baby in the World*, and *The Blessed Ministry of Children* (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier); to Mrs Burrill for those from *The Little Foxes* (Foulis); to Mr R. C. Lehmann for two poems from the pages of *Punch* (by permission of Messrs Bradbury, Agnew & Co.), and for "On Saturday Morning Early" and "A Grandmother's Gift," from *Crumbs of Pity* (Blackwood); to Messrs Burns & Oates for "The Making of Viola" and an extract from *Poems* by the late Francis

Thompson; to Mr Alfred Cochrane for "To Marjorie"; to Mr Hubert Bland for extracts from *Letters to a Daughter*, and *The Happy Moralist*; to Mr John Lane, the publisher of *The Golden Age*, *Dream Days*, and *Pagan Papers*, by Kenneth Grahame, *The Twentieth Century Child*, by Edward H. Cooper, *The World's Delight*, by Mrs Skrine, *The Child Mind*, by R. H. Bretherton, *Pierrette*, by H. de Vere Stacpoole, *Make Believe*, by H. D. Lowry, and *The Poems of Ernest Dowson*; to Messrs Smith, Elder & Co., the publishers of *The Rising Generation*, by Constance Elizabeth Maud, and Mrs Skrine's *The House of the Luck*; to Messrs Macmillan & Co., the publishers of *The Collected Poems of T. E. Brown*, and *William Hunt's Talks about Art*; to Messrs Longmans, Green & Co., the publishers of Professor Sully's *Children's Ways*, *Doreen*, by Edna Lyall, and Mrs Richmond's *Mind of a Child*; to Mr William Heinemann, the publisher of *The Children and the Pictures*, by Lady Tennant, and *In Russet and Silver*, and *On Viol and Flute*, by Edmund Gosse; to Mr Edward Arnold, the publisher of *Paul and Fiammetta*, and *His First Leave*, by Mrs Allen Harker; to Mr George Allen, the publisher of *The Open Air Boy*, by G. M. A. Hewett; to Messrs Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co., the publishers of Mr Crockett's *Sweetheart Travellers*; to the Editors of *The Spectator*, *The Academy*, *The Bookman*, *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Morning Post*,

Westminster Gazette, *Daily Mail*, and *M.A.P.*, for the poetry and prose which they have kindly allowed me to take from their pages.

Where I have used one or two poems whose authors are inaccessible to me, and a few short extracts without permission, I must beg the indulgence of those most nearly concerned.

I am under a special debt of obligation to Mrs Allen Harker for her charming "Foreword"; to Mr Coulson Kernahan for much help and advice; and to those other men and women writers who have not only given me of their wares, but have taken such a kindly interest in the gathering of this little garland of childish things.

H. E.

"Shadowbush,"
Colchester.

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